The Democrats: By Politics Possessed *Henry Fairlie*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

from Washington
October 30, 1976

Presidential Gunplay

Never, never, never will President Ford sign a bill for handgun registration. He wrote in *Gun Week* he wants to preserve "time-honored traditional freedoms" in America. They don't have them abroad. An angry wife in Tokyo, for example, might throw a plate at a husband, but a more efficient wife in New York would reach into the tea-cozy and drill him dead with a .44, root-a-toot-toot, reciting the Second Amendment to the Constitution as she did so, about the right to "keep and bear arms." She might be sorry afterward, of course. You can repair a plate, not a husband. But as Mr. Ford wrote to the National Rifle Association, he will defend freedoms "that we and our forefathers have enjoyed throughout our 200-year history."

Mr. Ford is against crime, too, of course. He promised the International Association of Chiefs of Police at Miami last month that, if elected, top priority in "the first 100 days" after Inauguration "will be the rallying of America behind federal anti-crime legislation." There's going to be a new "Council on Crime" that will lay out "a comprehensive five-year plan." Juvenile offenders, watch out. "Forty-five percent of all violent crimes," he told the Chiefs sternly, "is now perpetrated by juveniles."

The percentage of juvenile crime, oddly enough, is just about the same as the percentage of juvenile teen-agers out of work in the ghettoes, but Mr. Ford did not make the connection, any more than he did between America's astonishing crime rate and its astonishing number of handguns.

Massachusetts is going to vote on election day on "Question Five," the first state of the union to have a ballot referendum on an absolute ban on private ownership of all handguns. The whole country will watch. The National Rifle Association is up in arms. It is the most successful one-issue lobby in the country, with an annual budget over $10 million. Arrayed against it is the pygmy National Council to Control Handguns, with local affiliates, which hopes to put about $40,000 into the Massachusetts shootout. Backing it are members of the League of Women Voters, Council of Churches, B'nai B'rith and a surprising number of tough politicians mixed with the do-gooders: both Massachusetts senators; the governor; and the Boston police commissioner. Oddly enough Michael Ford, while campaigning for his father in Boston said, let's ban handguns: "The interests of humanity take precedence over the interests of the gun lobby."

Going back to Mrs. Maknamura, in Tokyo (who has just broken a plate on her husband, Hideo, you remember, in that domestic fracas) the funny thing is that she couldn't pull a gun on her man because of Douglas MacArthur. Yes, really. The rigid control on guns in Japan was imposed by the US army of occupation after World War II; no private Japanese can own a handgun, and hunting rifles require licenses and preliminary classroom instruction. The paradox is that Americans, who have the loosest regulation in the world at home, imposed the toughest on the Japanese. Only 171 crimes in Japan last year involved firearms. In the United States 25,000 people were killed by firearms.

"A person born in urban America today," Edward Kennedy told the Senate, "stands a greater risk of being murdered than he would have faced in combat in World War II."

Voters wavering between Ford and Carter in this strange election of 1976 might consider this subsidiary issue of gun control; Ford says he'll never ban them; Carter says sure he will, of course. In a form appeal for funds last February he had a sentence: "You and I will agree on some issues, disagree on others." He added, "I favor hand gun control."

Traveling through the bayous and beaches of Mississippi last month Mr. Ford seemed to labor at times to make the contrary point. Of wonderful outdoor recreation areas, he told them, "I congratulate you for it; you have fishing, hunting . . . And speaking of hunting," he broke in suddenly as the thought struck him, "I don't believe that the law-abiding citizens of this country should be deprived of the freedom to bear arms." He repeated it all day.

"Jimmy Carter, if elected President in November," warned a writer in *Guns & Ammo*, "would pursue a program of domestic disarmament as did his Democratic predecessors, Wilson, Roosevelt and Johnson." Domestic disarmament; it sounds bad, and the National Rifle Association is restless and jittery. Appealing for funds, it calls advocates of handgun control "a group of anti-Constitution fanatics . . . planning to invade our children's schools and churches, civic clubs and union halls with their unfair, half-truths about guns and gun ownership."

Dogs, bicycles and automobiles, you see, should be licensed, but firearms not. President Ford makes it all plain: "If you want to go hunting," he told the folks in the Deep South recreation area, "you shouldn't have to go down and register your firearms with some federal officials." See?—it's that damn bureaucracy again.

Remember how Richard Nixon in 1968 was going to name a new law-and-order attorney general (John Mitchell); end permissiveness in the courts; and curb crime? Well, since then the rate of violent crime is up 60 percent.

This should not be approached in any light spirit. Growing crime in America is a symbol of democratic failure; the rate still rises; the best Mr. Ford could tell the Chiefs was that things are getting worse slower. Growing crime encourages all the forces of authoritarianism in a country—of harshness, discipline, fear and prejudice. The Nixon catchword was "law-and-order"; the Ford phrase is milder, "restore domestic tranquility." He is not the demagogue Nixon was. He told the Chiefs happily that he had cut the rate of increase of violent crime "to nine percent." That would shock us if it were dollar inflation. Meanwhile, the ineffective Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) has spent 5.2 billion since its inception but little of it goes to clearing the ghastly jam of lower courts, and much of it goes to police and prosecutors and prowl cars, to rake in more offenders, juvenile and all. They add to the congestion and are freed by plea-bargaining. "You can't solve problems by throwing money at them," says Mr. Ford easily. He promises a "rallying of America" against crime. Goody; we can all break out our WIN buttons again—Whip Illegality Now.

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McCARTHY SAYS HE DOESN'T CARE IF HIS VOTES HELP RE-ELECT FORD.

WE DO.

Eight years ago we were working against a cruel, illegal war and an unresponsive government. We called for a candidate to lead us in the Democratic primaries. When those we first turned to declined our call, another answered. Our leaflets said, "He gave America new hope."

We continued to follow him when others entered the campaign. We believed that his courage would not serve as an example if we shunted him aside once the task of defeating an incumbent President had been accomplished. We followed him to Chicago and beyond; few of us transferred our energies to the nominee of our party in.1968.

So it is with sadness that we reject the call from that man now. Eugene McCarthy is running for President as an independent, and we cannot support him.

We have the greatest respect for Eugene McCarthy. Some of us are his friends. He is a man of intelligence, poetry, wisdom and wit. We know that he—and we who worked in the same cause—did not get a fair shot at the nomination in 1968; the delegate selection process was stacked against any challenger.

But in 1968 we began the process of reforming the Democratic party, ending the war and building a new political constituency.

Some of us worked in McCarthy's brief campaign for the Democratic nomination in 1972. Some of us would have preferred to have McCarthy as the nominee of our party in 1976. Many of us *did* support candidates other than Jimmy Carter, and we lost.

In 1976 we had the most open nominating process ever. The people voted in primary after primary and in local caucuses all over the country. McCarthy did not compete. In 1968 we called McCarthy "THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE." This year the people chose Jimmy Carter.

We have a healthy skepticism toward our political system. Most of us have worked in the movement against the Vietnam war, for civil rights, against government-sponsored subversion abroad and spying at home. But our ideas are now welcome in the Democratic party. The Democratic candidate is running on a platform some of us helped write. He is intelligent and a talented administrator. His opposition to the precipitous use of nuclear power, to indiscriminate strip-mining and dam-building, to American support for dictatorships abroad, to the B-1 bomber, and to America's becoming the arms merchant of the world, as well as his stance on the issues of jobs and tax reform, make him a candidate we can support.

Many of McCarthy's ideas still make sense; his thinking has already permeated our party and should be welcome in any Democratic administration; certainly it will not be in a Ford administration. But he knows he will not be elected President in 1976.

The question, then, is who will be elected.

McCARTHY SAYS HE DOESN'T CARE IF HIS VOTES HELP RE-ELECT FORD.

We do. We are not cynical enough to believe both candidates and the groups they represent are alike.

We have largely achieved our goal of 1968 of opening up the Democratic party. We have begun the task of reforming Congress. If we are to have a chance to put our ideas into effect, we must have a Democratic President.

The complexion of a Ford administration, Ford appointments, the actions of agencies and departments under Ford will take us further from our goal of a just society dealing with the nations of the world as a friend rather than an empire-builder.

With Democratic majorities, with many new members and new leadership in the House and Senate—and with a Democratic administration—we can make a new start toward this goal. After eight years of Nixon-Ford, it would be tragic to let this chance slip away.

The effect of voting for Gene McCarthy this year is to make it more likely that Ford will again be our President.

We, former 1968 campaign workers and supporters of Eugene McCarthy, urge others who were with us in 1968 and in other struggles over the years to join us in voting for Carter-Mondale.

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Eve Backman - Oregon
Roger Backman - Oregon
Peter Barnes - California
Steve Bookshester - National Staff
Sam Brown - National Staff
Billie Carr - Texas
Rhoda Clary - Oklahoma
Steve Cohen - National Staff
Geoffrey Cowan - National Staff
Judy Herrick DeVries - National Staff
Michael Driver - National Staff
Joseph Duffey - Connecticut
Peter Dybwad - California
Jules Feiffer - Speaker
Robert Fitzpatrick - Maine
Eleanor Clark French - New York
Paul Gorman - National Staff
Don Green - National Staff
Genie Grohman - National Staff
Jerome Grossman - Massachusetts
Cong. Mike Harrington - Massachusetts
Michael Harrington - New York
Ann Hart - National Staff
Russell Hemenway - New York
Sue Hestor - National Staff
Philip Hoff (Governor) - Vermont
Prof. H. Stuart Hughes - Massachusetts
David Jenkins - California
Jeremy Larner - National Staff
Roy A. Leib - Ohio
John McIlwain - National Staff
Arnie Miller - Massachusetts
Arthur Miller - Speaker
David Mixner - National Staff
Greg Moysesyan - California
Charles Negaro - National Staff
John B. O'Sullivan - National Staff
Marylouise Oates Palmer - National Staff
Anthony T. Podesta - National Staff
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Eli Segal-National Staff
Gov. Milton Shapp - Pennsylvania
John Shattuck - National Staff
Mark Alan Siegel - National Staff
William Styron - Speaker
Alison Teal - National Staff
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Carl Wagner - Wisconsin
Anne Wexler - Connecticut

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Limping Home

It's late enough now to be quite sure that there will be no burst of brilliance in this presidential campaign to help history forget just how drab the season has been. Hyperbole is the vernacular of American politics; but as the Democratic and Republican candidates went into the stretch, they seemed intent on outdoing the tradition and one another. Hurling ever more frantic charges that each was distorting the record of the other, they routinely distorted their own. It's hard to decide what was the low mark. Maybe there wasn't one. Jimmy Carter said Gerald Ford was a President worse than Richard Nixon, which is saying a lot. Too much, in fact. Ford responded in kind. To give his wilting campaign some spike (and perhaps having pressed Spiro Agnew's unemployed alliteratist into service) the President accused his opponent of "wavering, wandering, wiggling, waffling . . . sounding like Bella Abzug in one place . . . a little old peanut farmer somewhere else." Not so uncommon: Gerald Ford, after all, is trying to assuage Ronald Reagan while vindicating Henry Kissinger, and that *is* a trick.

Into this crossfire and fresh from rehabilitation as a correspondent for Jann Wenner's hip *Rolling Stone* stalked John Dean. His credentials are still the same: he was present at the crime of the century. In a big book and in three successive appearances on the "Today" show, Dean hyped up, at a financially advantageous moment, his memories of Ford's Watergate record which he'd laid out during the congressional hearings on Ford's fitness to be Vice President (see John Osborne, page nine). Meanwhile, Carter got Ford to concede the obvious point that the Soviet Union does dominate Eastern Europe. But, having won that concession, the Democrat said nothing about what he'd do that Ford has not done. That's probably because there's nothing he wants to do or could do differently. We should be grateful.

Carter did promise, however, not to raise income levies during his presidency, which will tax him heavily if it doesn't us. And if he does tax us more, that will cost him plenty. None of this disproves Ford's assertion that Carter "will say anything anywhere to be President of the United States." Whatever Carter's ambition may drive him to say, there is still a fundamental difference between how he and the incumbent would function as President: Ford would do as little as he could get away with, and Carter would do the opposite. The

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hyperactive executive has its dangers, and they are great: it's too early to forget the dozen years of foreign adventure that preceded Ford's succession to power. But the incumbent, indifferent to the challenges of his office and indulgent to the big interests that crowd around it, has written a record of tranquil ineptitude that persuades us he should be indifferent and indulgent anywhere but in the White House. And if Carter's prayers on behalf of his opponents, reported in the press, actually convince the Almighty, Gerald Ford will go out with his blessings. That should do.

So it won't be a campaign we'll remember to the children. The vice presidential aspirants added neither interest nor luster to the enterprise. But here and there, Fritz Mondale's performance has suggested why—a long time ago, before the primaries—he was the first choice for President of many Democrats in Washington. Despite his high ratings on the ADA and Public Citizen litmus tests, we'd not been entranced by Mondale. He dumped the Vietnam war only after the voters dumped the Democrats; and although he's been steady on most other issues, he's taken leadership on none that are difficult. Yet he has emerged over these last three months as a forthright, intelligent and humane candidate—something of an oddity this year. He dropped out of his early race for the presidency, he admits, because he didn't have the stomach for it; maybe that should have told us that his was a special sensibility in American politics. It's also possible that he seems all the more engaging now that he's pitted against dour Robert Dole, Ford's sorry choice for Vice President. Without seeming to undercut the head of the Democratic ticket—who does, after all, waffle and wiggle a bit—Mondale has given us a vision of progressive government. That vision may be too reflexive in some specifics; it's certainly without surprises. But it's also a pledge of decent intentions in domestic policy. And on tax reform, Mondale has been candid enough to admit that between desire and the act will fall the shadow of accommodation. Once the primaries were over in 1976, there was no one in the Democratic party able to establish a comparable measure of what the public might hope for from a Carter administration. To the extent that Mondale will have done that we're much in his debt.

There was one huge disappointment in the vice presidential debate: Robert Dole was neither witty nor persuasive, not even for a party that boasts Roman Hruska as one of its luminaries. On that score, Dole displayed a notably weaker grasp of the issues than Gerald Ford, fumbling for words and wholly without arguments for positions he evidently viewed as axiomatic. Pushed gently (and never to the wall) by Mondale or one of the panelists, Dole's retort was almost always a flat joke, his satisfaction registered in a smirk fearfully reminiscent of Joe McCarthy's. His is the kind of humor that appeals to Young Americans for Freedom who think that socialism is too uncomfortably near to permit belly laughs.

There's nothing vague or misleading about Dole. His words explain why his designation for second spot quelled the Reagan revolt. His time is the day before yesterday, when "the American century" seemed as much a reality as it was an exhortation. Yet Dole is not embarrassed to call World War II a "*Democrat* war"—shades again of Joe McCarthy. In him, the cohort of the mean-spirited has an unabashed tribune. May heaven or fortune—and, better yet, both—protect us from the likes of Robert Dole.

Pat Moynihan, Liberal

There are apparently still some New Yorkers who think Pat Moynihan insufficiently liberal. They should listen to the incumbent Sen. James Buckley who, while otherwise short on public virtues, is an honest man. He's gone up and down the Empire State proclaiming that Moynihan is a social innovator and a man of ideas, terms intended to be derisive. What's more, Buckley is telling the voters, Moynihan is committed to massive government intervention aimed at redressing inequities of the economic system.

All of this is true, established in Moynihan's record of nearly two decades in the public service—not always in surroundings hospitable to the notion that legislation and executive action are key tools in solving what Louis Brandeis called the "concrete problems of practical justice."

It's also true that Moynihan is not a predictable or reflexive liberal. He will not allow the received wisdom to do service for facts nor, for that matter, will he permit fashions of the moment to erode his enduring vision of what democracy can be. He has written and spoken about his convictions, and they remain controversial (and somehow even offending) long after their validity seems beyond dispute.

This certainly applies to the festering resentment over his "benign neglect" memorandum. Few documents have been so much the target of deliberate distortion. Written against a setting of racial violence in the late '60s that made "the fire next time" appear quite plausible, Moynihan argued for an end to the inflammatory rhetoric of confrontation that had become the government's stock response to minority grievances.

Moynihan believed then, and he believes now, that it is poverty that has disadvantaged blacks, and not blackness. He has too much respect for human diversity and individuality to believe otherwise. One purpose of his argument, then, was to focus public energy and attention again on the enormous disparities of income and wealth that binds the generations to cumulative disadvantage.

Moynihan is not a doctrinaire, and his is not a settled

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social philosophy. But his views cohere. His judgment, for example, that the integrity of black family structure was undercut by slavery and economic deprivation did not become for him a rationale for inaction. It led him instead to become a spokesman for income maintenance and welfare reforms that would put an end to the kind of government relief that at once discourages work and induces wage-earners to leave their homes.

Much of this is history, but it is also current politics. The choice New Yorkers face is a clear one. In James Buckley, who sits for New York but seems to speak for the gentry of Sharon, Connecticut, where he lives, the voters have a man who exhorts the hungry to restraint while he seeks privilege for the sated.

It's not just the poor about whom Buckley is callous and indifferent. Although he is adept at associating himself with the resentment and anxieties of working-class people, he has done nothing to serve their real interests. Not on health care, housing, education, trade unionism—not even on the future of New York City itself. On each of these issues, Moynihan would be more than a safe vote for the right side. He'll be an inventive and persuasive craftsman of law and policy. Moynihan's scholarly competence in the economic costs of social change and the social costs of economic stagnation would add intellectual depth to the Democratic Senate team, which now is strong on desire but weak on fulfillment.

Yet the proclivity of the New York Democrats to fratricide is alive and well. The eminent black psychologist, Kenneth Clark, who knows better, and defeated primary candidate Abe Hirschfeld, who may not, have declared for James Buckley. They can't pretend that it's anything but spite that impels them. Bella Abzug, who'll be out of a job in January, has given a perfunctory endorsement to Moynihan. Like him, Bella is not always amiable; there's no way to whitewash the faults of these two originals—if only because they are colorful. She's an extraordinary person, and we hope she'll be back in high office soon. But Pat Moynihan deserves the backing of Abzug's supporters and of all voters—white and black—who understand that the stakes, especially in New York, are more than one Senate seat. (Buckley has been charging that the Moynihan campaign is peopled by "secular humanist left-wing groupies" and "double-domed intellectuals," the last being a species hard to distinguish from the "pointy-headed" ones in George Wallace's vernacular.) Speaking to the cadres in his own Conservative party—the *ultra montane* fringe of the Reaganite sect—Buckley also suggested how his victory would be read in the country: "a defeat for liberalism so decisive that it won't raise its ugly head again." That may be a bit excessive. In contention, nonetheless, are two wholly different conceptions of the public good. And James Buckley's happens to be no damn good at all.

The Front Line

Carter's Cadres

If Jimmy Carter wins this election—as it now appears he will—and you'd like to find some heroes in the dismal drama, pass over the pollsters, the strategists and the media wizards who are responsible for mainlining his vague themes into the electorate and look instead at that batch of batallion leaders dispatched to the political trenches on Carter's behalf just around Labor Day. These state coordinators deserve credit. They were sent out to register voters, open headquarters, paper over primary wounds, bridge factions and produce Carter pluralities in short order, on short rations, and with budgets that would have been laughable four years ago. Their stories are among the more interesting of the campaign year.

After the Democratic Convention, Carter's top command had two options, each with distinct advantages and pitfalls. The Atlanta strategists could draw their state-level leadership from the ranks of experienced, savvy local Democrats, elevating some and thereby alienating others, reinforcing the lines of past battles. Or they could recruit and send in experienced outsiders, talented organizers drilled in diplomacy and ordered to smooth over the past—but at the same time, innocent of the subtleties of local protocol and in some cases even bewildered by the political geography of ward maps. Either option was risky, but Carter's leaders rightly chose the route of least agony—to bring in outsiders. This enabled them to broaden their base by including talented pols and technicians from the camps of former primary rivals and to bypass their own loyal, pre-convention supporters without ruffling them unnecessarily by replacing them with local competitors.

The state coordinators seem to have been chosen by Atlanta in a kind of outreach program. Don O'Brien was sent in to win the 21 electoral votes in Ford's home state. O'Brien is a 52-year-old Iowan who ran the 1968 Nebraska primary for Robert Kennedy and then went to California and Texas for McGovern four years later. During this year's Iowa caucuses, O'Brien backed Sargent Shriver and watched his man's natural support among Catholics erode and move to Jimmy Carter. "The goofy priests and bishops back home in Iowa made Carter out to be a right-to-lifer," he says, but he doesn't blame Jimmy.

For Massachusetts Carter's people chose Patti Knox, longtime party wheelhorse with a commanding baritone who backed Humphrey in 1968, helped George McGovern reform the party, then joined Harold Hughes' campaign in 1972. She signed on with Carter in time for his standoff with Mo Udall in Michigan. For Indiana, where Carter managed an easy primary win, then complicated things by getting into a

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battle with the state party's leadership over delegates, they chose Doug Coulter. He was asked to interrupt work on his first novel, and did. Coulter managed McGovern's 1972 campaign in Buffalo, New York, the bailiwick of Erie County boss Joe Crangle, and beat Crangle. "I was a little surprised to be sent to Indiana," says Coulter, who had never done more than drive through the state. No more surprised, perhaps, than Arnie Miller was to be sent anywhere. A superb organizer, Miller was moved to his first political act of 1976 during the final days of the stop-Carter movement; he took over the Washington office of the last-ditch effort to draft Humphrey. He is now running the Carter organization in Maryland.

In some instances state coordinators came forward by a process that resembles natural selection. In Illinois, for example, Carter had an entrenched local staff with a "For Jimmy before New Hampshire" mentality, but a history of not-too-cordial relations with Mayor Richard Daley. To bridge that gap, Atlanta sent out an organizer named Paul Sullivan, who has crammed a journeyman's career into this one campaign year. He began as national field coordinator for Terry Sanford, moved to Mo Udall's staff, and finally settled on Carter. In Chicago, a city with a distinctly Irish power structure, one of Sullivan's important qualifications is heritage: he is the son of a killed-in-the-line-of-duty Irish cop from Buffalo. "When I arrived here, I met the mayor within 24 hours," he says. "My official point of contact is the Mayor's son, Bill Daley. I work out overall strategy with the mayor himself and Bill and I talk four or five times a day." That kind of access makes some longtime Illinois pols turn green.

There are some problems common to every state organization. It is the nature of this campaign that there are no burning issues, interest is low and volunteer help is very difficult to come by. The Federal Elections Act, restricting both campaigns to the amounts allowed under public funding, has slashed state organizing budgets drastically. Pennsylvania coordinator Joe Timilty (who was defeated in a bid to become mayor of Boston last year) is trying to run that state on what he ruefully refers to as "30 to 40 percent of what John Kennedy spent here 16 years ago." In Michigan, Don O'Brien has a budget of $175,000; four years ago, McGovern's state coordinator spent $900,000.

"Under this law, you have no options and no leverage," one coordinator says. "Some of these county-level officials don't give a hoot in hell who's President as long as they control the local judicial posts and the constabulary. In the past, you could get them to help at the top of the ticket by promising radio spots, literature and election day money. Now we're asking *them* for money, telephones, stamps, space, and they are decidedly unaccustomed to having the flow reversed." By law, each officially recognized unit of a state party—a county committee, for example—may spend up to $1000 on behalf of the national ticket. Many have proved reluctant to do so. Some simply don't have the money. ("When we started, the party in the city of Baltimore had $146 in its treasury," says Arnie Miller.) Some fear that contributing to a presidential campaign will make them subject to a federal audit. Some believe that when they are asked to contribute $1000 in stamps they are being asked to do something illegal.

The universal effect of the finance law has been to force Carter's state coordinators to combine and unify their campaigns with the state party ticket. That sometimes presents a special difficulty, because, as local officials well remember, Jimmy Carter was the anti-establishment candidate in the primaries, the man who, as often as not, came in and ran hard against the party whose leaders were frequently supporting one of his opponents. As a first step, his coordinators here and there had to close wounds opened by Carter himself. During the Pennsylvania primary, for example, Carter lashed out at Philadelphia mayor Frank Rizzo who was supporting Henry Jackson, calling him a corrupt machine boss. To repair some of that damage, Timilty went before the top brass and the precinct captains of the Rizzo machine and delivered a *mea culpa* ("I, too, am a ward politician," he told them.)

Other problems stem from decisions made in Atlanta and imposed from afar, though state coordinators and other staffers keep critical commentary on this score carefully off-the-record. In several instances they complain that voter registration funds provided by the Democratic National Committee were channeled through local political organizations, presumably for reasons of protocol, and thus squandered. "It was a terrible, awful organization, the worst I've ever seen in my life," says one midwestern coordinator. "As a result registration will have only a peripheral effect on the outcome." A New York staffer adds: "I understand we got $100,000 for registration. I'll be damned if I know where that money went. The registration drive was an abomination."

With campaign money limited and budgetary controls strictly applied from Atlanta, one of the few resources that can be managed flexibly is the candidate's time. Scheduling is being determined by the polls; and television priorities (geared to reach key groups) normally take precedence. Thus, Carter conducted an ethnic campaign in the Polish Hill section of Pittsburgh, in the Ukrainian markets of East Baltimore, and at Brooklyn College three weeks before the students matriculated because, as one state coordinator puts it, "The people in the cities of the northeast really couldn't relate to the gentleman who was in Georgia cleaning out his pond." But sometimes Atlanta's television needs don't mesh with local priorities. When Carter was in Chicago (and on national television) marching in the Columbus Day parade with Mayor Daley, for example, there were some in his Illinois organization who believed his time

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might be better spent in the suburbs—where his own polls showed him trailing two-to-one—campaigning among the independent voters who are skeptical of Daley and whose ballots will almost certainly determine who wins Illinois' 26 electoral votes this fall.

Another complaint centers on Carter's advertising, all of it designed, directed and placed out of Atlanta. Says one Northeast coordinator, "They're still showing spots of Jimmy Carter shaking his goddamn peanut trees. We've told them again and again and again. They're impenetrable."

The man who walked onto the most disputed territory of all was Joe Timilty in Pennsylvania. His greatest potential for disaster came from a citywide effort to recall Mayor Frank Rizzo, underway since April. "We need to come out of Philadelphia with a heavy plurality to win this state," Timilty says, "and the recall sapped all the energies of people we needed to help." Those backing the recall included most traditional Democratic liberals and blacks; those backing Rizzo included the standard Philadelphia Democratic machine; both elements are essential to a Carter victory. Recall supporters asked for assurances of Carter's neutrality on the issue, and Rizzo flatly demanded Carter's support, threatening privately that his machine workers would "cut" Carter on election day unless Carter openly endorsed and campaigned for the mayor. "Cutting" Carter would mean leaving his name off the million or more sample ballots printed by the Philadelphia machine, instructing city workers not to encourage a vote for the top of the ticket and seeing to it that none of the $500,000 or more in election day "street money" would be spent on turning out Carter voters. Timilty figured that recall could cost Carter up to 150,000 votes if only because everyone's attention would be diverted from the presidential contest, so he advised Atlanta to say nothing on the matter.

Finally, after more than enough signatures had been gathered to put the anti-Rizzo proposition on the ballot, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court declared the entire state recall law unconstitutional, much to the relief of both Frank Rizzo and Joe Timilty. Four days later, as if to prove that the national headquarters in Atlanta should have the last word—or that they can foul things up even when the point is moot—Carter's Deputy Campaign Manager Ben Brown sent a letter to recall leaders in Philadelphia acceding to their requests and directly contradicting Rizzo's demands. The Carter-Mondale campaign would take no stand on recall, the letter said, but would "respect the sentiments of the broad cross section of Philadelphia's voters to determine the outcome of the matter on their own."

It's the kind of event that makes you understand why Jimmy Carter's state coordinators were given a preliminary crash course in both patience and political diplomacy.

Ken Bode

White House Watch

Up for Grabs

At his second press conference in six days, in itself a notable event because it was only the third full-scale session of the kind at the White House since last February, President Ford was asked whether and how he and his family were betting on the outcome of the November 2 election. He answered rather self-righteously that he and his family hadn't made any wagers but were confident that "when the votes are finally counted, the American people will want four years of the progress we've made in the last two"—meaning of course the two years since he succeeded Richard Nixon in the presidency. If White House assistants and outside advisers who were in touch with him reflected his mood, the President on the eve of a final, 10-day campaign swing around the country was almost but not quite as confident as his reply at the press conference indicated. The prevailing view around him was that the election could be won in the last two weeks, not that it was sure to be won by Mr. Ford and his choice for the vice presidency, Sen. Robert Dole. There was a genuine conviction, supported in the main by national polls and by the Ford campaign's state and national polls, that in the last fortnight of October the President was overtaking Jimmy Carter's previously commanding lead and that, in a phrase much in favor at the White House, the election really was "up for grabs."

There also was general agreement around the President that his third television encounter with Carter on October 22 could determine the outcome on November 2. It followed that Mr. Ford simply could not afford the sort of bloopers on Eastern Europe, the Arab boycott of Israel and US-Chinese relations that had marred his otherwise superior performance on October 6. The resultant apprehension was sharpened by a realization that the "winner" of the third encounter—the candidate who was perceived by a majority of viewers to have put on the better performance—probably wouldn't attract much additional support to himself. For the "loser"—a candidate perceived to put on a distinctly poor performance—the last encounter could be disastrous if it turned enough potential supporters from him to his rival. Yet the President prepared more casually for the third meeting than he had for the second in San Francisco and with nothing like the intense study and drilling that had preceded the first encounter in Philadelphia. There were said to be two reasons. Questioning at the first meetings had been limited to specified subject areas—domestic and economic affairs, foreign policy and defense. Questioning at the third encounter was unlimited, on any subjects chosen by the questioners. Precise preparation was therefore difficult though not, in the judgment of the assistants principally responsible for it, impossible.

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They hoped, in fact, that with less overt effort the President would turn out to have been better schooled for the final meeting than he'd been for the first two. The second and probably controlling reason was that Mr. Ford, having been through two confrontations with Carter, had been taught or had learned from experience all that he'd ever learn about how to handle himself in such a situation.

Although the concluding swing was anticipated in the campaign scenario prepared before his nomination and adopted immediately afterward, a lot of discussion and some worry accompanied the final decision to go ahead with it. The consensus among the President's people is that, putting it kindly, he is not at his best on the stump. When he is his natural self, he's a touring soporific. When he makes a conscious effort to be sharp and aggressive in the guise of give-'em-hell Jerry, he tends to over-do it and to make himself ridiculous as he did at times during a weekend journey, complete with a one-day train trip in Illinois, to that state and Iowa. Even when he's adjudged by his associates to be effective with the crowds that actually see and hear him, it's recognized that he gets spotty coverage on national television and reaches fewer citizens than he does with major set appearances in Washington and elsewhere. Then why do it? The common answer at the White House and among some of his unofficial advisers was, "he had to do it." One of the concerned assistants called it "an Americana event—it's what the American people expect a President to do." Some of the people he consults, in and outside the White House, hoped that the President would moderate the jabs ("he wavers, he wanders, he wiggles and he waffles") that he had been throwing at Jimmy Carter and put more emphasis on the substantive differences, professed and real, between the two,with emphasis on the possible costs of Carter programs. Whatever the tone and tactics in the final 10 days, however, the object would be to draw Carter out of his shell of bland and pious generality. The hope was that this would attract from him to the President the many citizens who, according to various polls and surveys, were inclined toward Carter but uncertain that they really wanted to vote for him. It was to these "uncertains" rather than to the conventionally "undecided" that the President and his campaign planners chiefly looked for the additional support that he'd have to get in the final fortnight if he was to win election.

The rivals' open tactics aside, the weeks preceding the last stretch were a time of dirt, acerbity and, for Mr. Ford, aggravation. Columnist Jack Anderson, the *Los Angeles Times* and *The New York Times* reported that persons associated with the Ford campaign had tried to peddle rumors that Jimmy Carter had indulged in extra-marital affairs with three or more women. A Georgia volunteer at the President Ford Committee's Washington headquarters who had recommended in a memorandum that the committee investigate the rumors and exploit them if they proved true was summarily dismissed by PFC Chairman James Baker. Reporters who investigated found the rumors false. *The New York Times* reported that "sources interested in the election of Jimmy Carter" had leaked to it a government-sponsored survey of European opinion showing that the US had lost respect in Western Europe, as Carter was saying, at a time when Ford was saying it had gained respect.

The goad that most disturbed and infuriated Mr. Ford came from John Dean, the former White House lawyer who blew the whistle on Richard Nixon and did more than any other individual to bring him down. Dean, promoting his Watergate book (*Blind Ambition*), appeared on three successive mornings on NBC's "Today" show in brief segments of a previously taped interview. In the interview and in his book he said that two Nixon assistants, William Timmons and Richard Cook, had persuaded then Minority Leader Gerald Ford to intervene in and help block a proposed House committee investigation in 1972, just before the year's presidential election, that could have begun uncovering the Watergate crimes. In his testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee in 1973, Dean asserted nearly everything of substance that he again alleged in the NBC interview and in his book. Timmons and Cook said Dean lied. At the 1973 hearings on his nomination to be Vice President, Mr. Ford acknowledged that he as Minority Leader had mobilized Republican votes on the committee to deny Chairman Wright Patman the subpoena power he needed to prosecute the inquiry. Mr. Ford denied only that he'd done it at the instance of the Nixon White House. The Dean interview reviving what amounted to a charge that he'd lied under oath enraged the President, occurring as it did just after Special Prosecutor Charles Ruff had announced that he found no basis for allegations that Mr. Ford had misspent political contributions.

At Mr. Ford's orders, Press Secretary Ron Nessen verified a report that NBC News paid Dean $7500 last year for an option to buy the television rights to his book. Nessen and William Greener, the Ford campaign committee's chief spokesman, happily spread the word in Washington. The coincidence embarrassed NBC and enhanced the President's feeling that he was being victimized. First the Special Prosecutor and then Attorney General Edward Levi rejected the demands of two congressional Democrats, Elizabeth Holtzman of New York and John Conyers of Michigan, for a criminal investigation of the suggestion that Mr. Ford had perjured himself at his confirmation hearings. That officially ended the matter but not the prospect that Democrats would continue to exploit the lingering impression that Mr. Ford had been less than frank in some of his responses.

John Osborne

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Key Races

The Senate Series

The 33 Senate and 435 House races around the country always take a back seat during presidential years. Briefly, there is a statistical possibility, but no practical probability, of changing the Democratic majority in either house, and , due mainly to this year's record rate of retirement (47 representatives, eight senators), Congress will continue to grow younger. Below are discussions of 11 of the most interesting Senate races, prepared for TNR *by correspondents on the scene.*

California

John Tunney's running scared, and the people of California may vote (or non-vote) themselves a senator who would be one of the most reactionary ever sent to Washington.

Tunney's troubles began a year and a half ago when Tom Hayden decided that electoral politics were all right after all. Since his early days in SDS, Hayden had continually attacked the institutions of American democracy as a "shell" through which corporate interests maintained imperialism abroad and repression at home. A leader of serious young people appalled by Vietnam and seeing it as no accident, Hayden worked at community organizing and confrontation politics. He scorned the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns of 1968 and the radicals and reformers who afterward worked to gain power and change policy within the Democratic party. For Hayden, the police riot in Chicago was a positive step toward the "radicalization" of a new generation which would transform America "in the streets." For a time he wore a fatigue cap and referred to mysterious plans for an American Vietcong.

At the same time Hayden kept up his ties with liberals who shared his belief in the total corruption of "the society," and, like Hayden, saw no need for enemies on the left. When the new American revolution failed to materialize (having been siphoned off into "life styles"), Hayden was not entirely unprepared. It's even possible that he'd come to see what more democratic leftists believed all along: that there is room in this society to fight the good fight by means which do not destroy what's worth fighting for.

Hayden saw at least this: that a good many non-activist incumbent Democrats are wide open to primary challenges, and have been for some time. In many ways Tom Hayden was a logical candidate. His work in anti-war causes, his absurd but well-publicized conspiracy trial in Chicago, and his marriage to Jane Fonda provided a celebrity that would give Hayden a head start in his challenge to Tunney. His reputation among liberals and leftists gave him a base for grass-roots organizing and fundraising.

Hayden thus began an energetic and intelligent campaign, traveling ceaselessly, seeking out groups and communities with problems and forming proposals to solve their problems. He now called himself a "fiscal conservative"; money would come from changing priorities. This is standard reformist fare, in line with the teachings of Jerry Brown, whom Hayden cultivated and admires. Words like "socialism," said Hayden, had no useful application; we have to work out "new ways of thinking."

Hayden was impressive to most of the young journalists who came to write about him and found his life style compatible with their own. But Hayden was not an impressive campaigner: his speaking manner was grim, and he tried to flatten questioners rather than listen to them. As he struggled to float toward the political middle, he retained his hammering polemic reflex, as if any disagreement were an accusation of betrayal. Though Hayden said he'd entered electoral politics because of the positive things he'd learned about the American people, he still lapsed into the rhetoric of "us" and "them." "They," he told each audience, had once proposed to break and re-set "my wife Jane Fonda's jaw"—and though the jaw remained unbroken this symbolized to Hayden how California and, within it, Hollywood were centers of a society that turns people into commodities. It's not surprising that Hayden depicted John Tunney as a servant of the military-industrial complex.

The problem was that in March, after six months of diligent campaigning and friendly coverage, Hayden remained behind in the polls, holding only the 15 percent hard-core support he had started with, while Tunney had actually risen three points to 58 percent. Tunney was over-confident. He stayed in Washington and tried never to say a word that might antagonize Hayden's supporters. Tunney felt he would need them in the general election, though the Field Poll showed him leading the Republican S. I. Hayakawa, 54 to 30 percent. Hayden, meanwhile, promised that the last months of the primary campaign would produce

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revelations that would "destroy Tunney's liberal image."

In reality, Tunney is a solid, conventional liberal—scoring in the 90 percent range with a dozen progressive organizations—though no one would mistake him for an activist or mass leader. In contrast to what one might expect from his youthful looks, Tunney is fascinated by the legislative process, does his homework and spends hours in hearings and conferences, trying to piece together the details of workable bills. He has put through far more legislation than any other first-term senator—as much as Bentsen, Stevenson, Taft and Weicker put together.

Ultimately it was Tunney's penchant for legislative checks and balances that gave Hayden the opportunity to "destroy his image." The first chance came on the deregulation of natural gas. Tunney voted for deregulation—but he first attached an amendment that froze prices on "old" gas the companies were already pumping. The deregulation incentive thus applies only to "new" gas, estimated at 15 percent of the supply, which is expected to remain cheaper than petroleum alternatives. The question is complex and debatable. Ralph Nader disputed Tunney's analysis; *The Los Angeles Times* credited the Tunney amendment with saving consumers five billion dollars by 1980.

The second issue was the Kennedy-Corman Health Insurance Bill. Tunney originally endorsed it, but on closer inspection had second thoughts. He thought the bill was unsoundly written, and would drive up the price of medical service without creating more personnel or facilities. Other senators who'd endorsed the bill didn't expect it to pass and were hoping to duck the issue. Tunney wanted a step-by-step approach toward a more comprehensive program.

As it happened, in the last months of the campaign Jane Fonda put much of her capital into her husband's campaign. (She could do this because the new campaign law sets no limits on family contributions.) Tom Hayden was able to buy $400,000 worth of TV commercials. Viewers of "Mary Hartman" soon saw an ad attacking Tunney for his deregulation vote. Henry Fonda explained that he supported Tunney in 1970, but this time he's going for that new fella, Tom Hayden. Henry Fonda didn't mention that Hayden is his son-in-law; what bothered him was that Tunney, he said, has supported higher gas prices. The clear implication was that Tunney wanted motorists to pay more at the gas pump.

The second commercial was even more devastating. It took full advantage of the fact that Tunney's withdrawal from Kennedy-Corman had made it seem as if he were against the whole concept of national coverage. The commercial opened with Will Geer of "The Waltons" in a rocking chair. Geer told us that Tunney once supported health insurance, now opposes it, says it's too expensive. "The question is, can we afford Tunney?"

After these commercials, Hayden doubled his strength in the polls, coming within five or six points of Tunney. Tunney fought back somewhat frantically, telling newsmen with typical lack of guile that he had to prove he "wasn't a lightweight." His best moments came in a televised debate with Hayden. His worst were last-minute radio spots "costing out" Hayden's 300-page list of programs. Meanwhile Jane Fonda called Tunney a playboy, charged that he'd gone out with teen-age girls. Tom Hayden called Tunney "a Chappaquiddick waiting to happen." So much for the issues.

Tunney won the primary with 54 percent of the vote to 37 percent for Hayden, and complimented Hayden on "a terrific campaign." Hayden announced he would vote for Tunney as the lesser of two evils, but so far has not endorsed him. Jerry Brown, who has officially endorsed Tunney, remained aloof, dedicated as always to the single cause that moves his heart.

The primary just about ruined Tunney. His rating went from 24 points above Hayakawa's to 9 points below. Hayakawa meanwhile won his primary without much effort or expense, moving around the state in a camper and giving vague, philosophical talks to admiring groups of Republicans. The 70-year-old Japanese-American first made big news in 1968, when as acting president of San Francisco State College he jumped on a sound truck manned by demonstrating students and ripped out its speaker wires. The dapper little man with a tam o'shanter prolonged the student strike, increased its violence—and became a hero to everyone who resented students.

Hayakawa made his academic reputation as an expositor of general semantics, which takes a supposedly "common sense" approach to language. An early book, *Language in Thought and Action*, became a best-seller. But eventually modern linguists dismissed general semantics as a pseudo-science, and by the time Hayakawa came to State, in 1955, he was reputedly bored with academic life and bitter that he had not risen to a more prestigious Eastern faculty. As president of San Francisco State, Hayakawa was notorious for afternoon naps in his office. The chance to put on his tam and travel the state as a celebrity is an obvious delight to him, win or lose.

Hayakawa has no taste for political detail or dispute. What political people regard as issues he looks upon as "gobbledygook." "Irrational" plans come from confusion of language and can be solved, in his view, by the application of "simple common sense." And who better to solve them than a lifelong "specialist in communication"? In his radio spots, Hayakawa explains in his mild tenor voice that he is going to "clean up Washington" by starting with the language. It's time for "plain talk" in Washington. He invites his listeners to "write me and tell me what you think." And that's all: a perfect anti-political political pitch.

In facing reporters and making speeches, however, Hayakawa turns out to have political opinions that have

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nothing to do with plain talk and a great deal to do with the self-congratulatory conservatism of a self-made man. Hayakawa's central idea is that American life is no longer challenging. "The average person" has become "content with a parasitical relationship to the rest of society." Young people are restless; Hayakawa would give them work by abolishing child labor, minimum wage and school attendance laws. The unionization of farm labor threatens food production; "common sense" would limit strikes and "restore the bracero program." Economic problems might be solved by raising individual taxes to provide business incentives—"and have industry prosper so that the people will have an income to tax."

Conscious of his own success in assimilation, Hayakawa takes a tone that easily offends minority groups. He has said that wartime internment was in the long run a benefit to Japanese-Americans. He says he is "deeply, deeply, deeply prejudiced against homosexuality and will vote that way." He came out against a new California law prohibiting business collusion with the Arab boycott, because it interferes with "free enterprise."

If this overview is sketchy, so are Hayakawa's positions. He once suggested sending unarmed US troops—who "could be armed if necessary"—to do construction work in African countries, then urged reporters not to "make a big thing of it. It's just off the top of my head."

In short, Hayakawa is a man of the far right, but he is also an amiable eccentric with a capacity for disarming frankness. His spontaneity and self-delight appeal to voters who want to "send Washington a message." As a senator he'd have only a marginal effect on legislation, but with his genius for publicity he could provide a comfortable forum for the nastier elements of right-wing thinking.

All of this may or may not be troubling to California leftists and liberals, many of whom are disgusted with politics in general and the Democrats in particular. Enough of them plan to vote against Jimmy Carter to give Gerald Ford a slight lead in the state as of this writing. Tunney has pulled even as Hayakawa's views became better known, but Tunney's "image" is rightly perceived as political, and the art of politics is not, these days, what turns on Californians. Experts believe that Tunney could lead the ticket and still lose, especially in a light turnout.

This particular election comes down to an unusually clear-cut test of the belief that the legislative process matters. Washington has already experienced the arrival of imitators of Jerry Brown, coolly posing themselves above issues and ready to show how they can "get tough" in dealing with public needs. A Hayakawa victory would send politicians of both parties off and running harder than ever—against politics.

Jeremy Larner

Alan Steelman, 34-year-old Republican congressman from Dallas, is a striver. He scrambled out of a working class background, helped build the Texas Republican party in the 1960s, beat a four-term Democratic incumbent in 1972 to get to Congress, and managed to pull himself far enough up the ladder by 1974 for *Time* magazine to dub him one of the "200 faces of the future."

That would be success enough for most young Republicans, but Steelman wants more. This year he's reaching for Democrat Lloyd Bentsen's seat in the US Senate.

He will not make it. Bentsen, the moderate-to-conservative incumbent who roughed up Ralph Yarborough six years ago to get to the Senate, is just too much to handle this time around.

Last spring it looked as though Bentsen's seat could be had. He had taken enough pro-labor and liberal positions to miff some of the corporate Democrats in Texas, while remaining far too business-oriented for many progressives. Then he made his little run at the presidency, causing some Texans to think old Lloyd had come down with a bad case of the eagers. His political supporters were so heavy-handed in ramming a pro-Bentsen presidential primary bill through the state legislature that even the state's conservative daily press criticized their boy for overreaching.

But just as things were looking a little shaky for Bentsen, Jimmy Carter came along and did him a couple of favors. First, Carter took Bentsen's own primary bill and drubbed him with it, winning 94 percent of the delegates against what was by then a favorite son's candidacy. Not only did this bring Bentsen back down to earth, but it also brought him back down home to work on his Senate campaign. Ironically, Bentsen's humiliation by Carter also sucked the venom out of those Texans who wanted to see the big man taken down a peg or two.

Carter helped in another big way. His nomination in the end settled on Texas Democrats like a benediction, bringing a party unity that Bentsen never would have rallied in his own right. Texas is a critical state in the Carter strategy, and it is mighty tight here, so Democrats generally have agreed to hold together all the way down the slate. The Texas AFL-CIO, not a difficult horse for Bentsen to tame anyway, was in the stable early, despite Bentsen's wrong stand on two of labor's big issues—common situs picketing and the Texas right-to-work law. More surprising was the embrace of Bentsen by such leading liberal lights as Bernard Rapoport, J.R. Parten, Oscar Mauzy, Billy Goldberg, George McAlmon and Sarah Weddington. Even Democratic committeewoman and liberal workhorse Billie Carr, never one to tout Bentsen, has put on a fixed smile and is doing her duty.

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Then of course Bentsen has all the advantages of office. As a member of a tax-writing Senate Finance Committee and a tax-spending Public Works Committee, Bentsen has had no trouble raising the $500,000 budgeted for the general election. Common Cause reported that very special interest groups had donated $133,000 to Bentsen's campaign coffers as of September 1—more than any other Senate candidate this year had received.

It turns out that Bentsen sponsored several committee amendments to this year's tax reform bill benefiting special interests that also happen to have contributed to his campaign. Among them were Hollywood movie producers, private hospital owners, shipping firms, oil corporations and banks. Bentsen denied any *quid pro quo*, assuring Texans "I will not turn a deaf ear to any justified request for assistance from a constituent, be he a contributor or a non-contributor." Steelman was hardly persuaded, and he quickly tagged Bentsen "Loophole Lloyd." That has been the only good epithet of the campaign and the only issue to get a serious ride in the Texas press.

But it is far too little. Despite a vigorous campaign, Steelman has not sparked much enthusiasm, and the voting public seems hard pressed to stifle a statewide yawn. To overcome apathy and end an entrenched incumbent requires big money in Texas, and Steelman simply doesn't have it. Bentsen spent about four million dollars in the 1970 primary to beat Yarborough, and Republican George Bush spent two million dollars that same year to try to beat Bentsen in the general election.

Steelman has not attracted the one million dollars he originally hoped to have, nor even the $800,000 he later said was enough for a winning campaign. He'll do well to reach $650,000. But it really is worse than that, since he has only about $120,000 for television time, which will spread him so thinly across the 18 major TV markets of Texas that he will be hardly visible. Contrast that to the $300,000 Bentsen would put into TV just to reinforce an already well-established name identification.

Talking with Bentsen's reelection staff, one gets the feeling they now see the campaign as a formality Bentsen must endure before hurrying back to business in Washington. Every poll shows Bentsen far out front, and no political analyst would predict a tight race, much less an upset. Steelman, ever the striver, merely says he's always been the underdog. But, as AFL-CIO political operative John Rogers put it, "He's going to get wiped."

That leaves Texans and the nation with six more years of Bentsen working in opposition to comprehensive national health insurance, actively opposing oil corporation divestiture, fighting land use planning, voting against gun controls, and tampering with Jimmy Carter's tax reform proposals.

Jim Hightower

Connecticut

Gloria Schaffer of Connecticut is the last remaining woman candidate with a chance of winning a seat in the US Senate. But she has touched so lightly on this fact that it's doubtful many of the state's million and a half voters are aware of it. Even in liberal and liberated Connecticut, a feminist pitch might lose more votes than it would win. Moreover, Schaffer would face a special problem in urging voters to elect a woman: Connecticut voters did just that two years ago in choosing Governor Ella Grasso, and many regret it.

Schaffer would be an underdog even without the burden of being associated with a disappointing woman governor. Lowell Weicker's vaguely maverick Republicanism would make him a formidable opponent for any Democrat this year. On the other hand, Connecticut is a Democratic state, and Schaffer has been the top Democratic vote-getter of this decade—having won already the traditionally female post of secretary of state (chief of elections and records, and the post from which Grasso went first to Congress and then to the governorship).

Her initial pitch was to suggest that the incumbent was out of touch, and she toured shopping areas with questionnaires seeking a "message from Main Street." But she's increasingly taken a direct, and apparently deliberately un-ladylike, approach. She has damned Weicker for voting for "Big Oil" instead of energy-poor New England, scored him for absenteeism and tried to paint him back into the Republican party that he toyed with bolting last year.

For Schaffer, the disillusionment with Grasso may be a special problem. I've heard Democrats and independents both say they've been bitten once in voting for a woman, and are twice-shy about another woman candidate for high office. Male chauvinist indeed, since none of them have sworn off male candidates, but it's a political reality. It's hard to judge the extent of that attitude, just as it's hard to judge whether many know or care that a Schaffer victory would give Connecticut a unique two Jewish senators, the other being Abraham Ribicoff. My guess is that the sex bias is significantly the stronger of the two prejudices against her.

Schaffer has been more assiduous in wooing the important labor vote, but it hasn't quite worked. Some still hold against her a 1969 state senate vote against unemployment compensation for strikers; and the once-conservative Weicker has attracted labor with votes like his well-publicized support of common situs picketing. In mid-October delegates of the largest state employee union gave Weicker a three-to-one edge in a straw poll. Significantly the key issue mentioned was Schaffer's silence when Grasso denied state workers pay hikes.

A late September GOP poll showed Weicker with nearly a two-to-one margin; a more recent Democratic

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sounding shows her closing the gap, though still 10 percent behind. Because she was a panelist on a popular TV show in the '60s, she's well-known. And she may be, as she has been in the past, a beneficiary of ticket-splitting. When Republican Thomas Meskill won the governorship handily in 1970, Democrat Schaffer won election to his administration on the strength of nearly 40,000 vote splits. In 1974, in a Ribicoff-Grasso landslide, Schaffer led the ticket by 55,000.

Weicker, by contrast, won in 1970 with less than 42 percent in a three-way race. Since then he has gained national prominence through the Watergate hearings, won high ADA and COPE ratings, and effectively wooed the independents. Nonetheless, assuming a Carter victory in the state, Weicker must depend on vote-splitting to win—but in numbers that dwarf Schaffer's old records.

Publicly, Democrats here are still talking of razor-thin margins. Privately, some are going back to earlier forecasts of a 100,000 Carter plurality. Many think Weicker might ride out a Carter landslide. It is indeed a vote-splitting state; but it still retains the optional party lever in its all-machine voting. Schaffer has fought for abolition of the lever. But, ironically, if she wins, it will be that archaic electoral device—not a liberated vote for affirmative action in the Senate—that will provide the handle to her victory.

Don O. Noel, Jr.

New York

"I am a friend of the caribou," boasted James Buckley, whose fervor for federal intervention is limited to environmental protection, anti-abortion amendments and national defense. "I know you are," Daniel Patrick Moynihan replied, "and they are friends of yours." But "please remember," Moynihan added later, "there's a limit to the amount of money I will spend in support of the caribou . . . and at $5000 for caribou, I say enough—get the Department of the Interior the hell out of the caribou's life!"

That may sound like an Audubon Society seminar, but the exchange took place when a recent debate between the candidates turned to the subject of the Alaska pipeline. It says a lot about the style and substance of New York's bellwether battle for the US Senate.

After two months of gentlemanly fencing, Democrat-Liberal Daniel Patrick Moynihan is poised to unceremoniously finish off Republican-Conservative James Buckley by reviving the alliances and ambitions of the New Deal in the state where they were born. Not since 1964 have New Yorkers sent a Democrat to the Senate. And Buckley's defeat would telegraph to the nation that they are more fed up with the particular Washington officials now running the show than with the federal system itself.

The duel for the Senate seat once occupied by Robert F. Kennedy developed into a classic philosophical clash (complicated only by a mini-détente between the candidates on foreign affairs policy and by Daniel Moynihan's past praise of Richard Nixon) that has overshadowed the presidential campaign in the Empire State.

"You have really never gotten over your initial horror of the New Deal," Moynihan boomed at Buckley. The senator responded in a derogatory tone that his Democratic opponent was an ivory-tower "professor" who preached "sociological hogwash."

Buckley, the 53-year-old scion of America's conservative first family, received the Republican nomination from reluctant party leaders still smarting over his abortive presidential bid on the eve of the Kansas City convention. Outspending his opponent (Buckley's campaign will cost $1.8 million, much of it his own, compared to Moynihan's $700,000 primary and $500,000 fall offensive), the senator saddled Moynihan with Democratic platform proposals which he warned would take a $3000 bite from the average family's budget and were nothing but discredited devices to "stage-manage the economy."

In 1970, Buckley slipped past a split liberal field to defeat Democrat Richard Ottinger and Republican-Liberal Charles Goodell with 39 percent of the vote. This year, he sought to build on his impregnable conservative base and broaden his appeal to the center of both major parties as an honest, realistic, experienced and independent nonpolitician. If he could capture even half of Goodell's 25 percent support, he would win. But every survey reveals that the "we" who backed Buckley in 1970 because they believed it was about time they had a senator have by now found a new friend in Moynihan. "He has made tremendous inroads in every area which has shown any propensity to go for a Democrat," says Moynihan's lawyer and campaign consultant, Arthur Klebanoff. Even James Buckley's personal pollster admits that Daniel Moynihan "has captured the normal Democratic Jewish vote and increased it."

Moynihan's inroads are smaller among Catholics, and in western New York where a tax revolt is favoring the conservatives. His support is soft also, to say the least, among some blacks who are still miffed about his "benign neglect" memo to Nixon—but who don't vote much—and progressives who often practice the vindictive get-mad-and-even variety of politics

The flamboyant former ambassador parlayed his undiplomatic UN performance into political stardom, dealing Bella Abzug a galling hairline loss last month and defeating her liberal brethren with the same divide-and-conquer strategy that served Buckley so well six years ago. "You have your Bella Abzug and I have my Sen. Javits," said Buckley of the fact that both face defeat on their faint-hearted left flanks.

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Stressing bread-and-butter issues to Buckley's blue-collar constituency, the 49-year-old rambunctious onetime bartender sought to isolate the senator as a "radical of the right," an unproductive enemy of New York who would feel more at home with his consistent conservatism in Idaho than in a fiscally strapped state dependent on federalization of welfare and on national health insurance and full employment. Throughout his relatively low-key campaign (he's even shed some of his flashy attire), he repeated a persistent refrain—that as one of only nine states without a Democratic senator, New York has been "out of the Senate for more than a generation." And, to magnify the contrast, the final Moynihan TV spots were capped with the slogan: "You'll know he's there."

The betting is that he *will* be there come January because progressives, some still guilty because they sat out the 1968 presidential race, will heed Sen. Walter Mondale's warning that "if you turn your back to the fire, you're doomed to sit on your blisters."

Even Republicans recognize that those blisters will probably be reminder enough in New York to elect Moynihan and even Jimmy Carter. While they are still praying for snow in New York City and sunny skies in upstate New York, one GOP strategist ruefully forecast that "Buckley can win in only one of two ways—it would take massive court-ordered school busing that Moynihan decides to support, or for Moynihan to come out in favor of an independent Palestinian state. And he's not going to do either by November 2."

Sam Roberts

Pennsylvania

For Philadelphia's brash, popular young congressman, William J. Green, it was supposed to be a cakewalk into retiring Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott's seat. The jaunty, wise-cracking Democrat just seemed to have too many advantages over his somber, occasionally tongue-tied Republican opponent, Rep. H. John Heinz, III of Pittsburgh.

Statewide, after all, Green's party boasts a registration edge of 650,000. Philadelphia Mayor Frank L. Rizzo, freed of his own thorny problem by his legal victory over the drive to recall him, is now reviving his powerful Democratic city machine to turn out a big vote. And Green has built a superb organization, with an army of volunteers.

By contrast, Heinz's campaign is in a shambles, having gone through two wrenching shakeups since the April 27 Pennsylvania primary. He has managed also to offend GOP regulars across the state by staying aloof from them, which is part of his strategy for nurturing an image of independence.

Despite all those favorable developments, the cocky grin has slipped from Bill Green's face. The Pennsylvania race has become a close, bitter and sectional contest. The reason: Heinz's unlimited personal wealth, and his willingness to spend it on his ambitions. Heniz, millionaire heir to the pickle and ketchup fortune, is outspending Green three-to-one. By mid-October, he had pumped more than one million dollars, all but a fraction out of his own pocket, into his general election effort, and he plans to chip in another one million dollars by November 2.

Most of the Heinz money has gone for the most massive television and radio advertising campaign ever seen in Pennsylvania; polls now show the two men running about even, with Heinz's recognition escalating and his earlier negative ratings rapidly improving. Both men believe that advertising will be the key to victory; polls show one out of every four voters undecided. And there is little else to distinguish the candidates.

Both are young (37) and handsome; both have liberal voting records in the House. Each has been campaigning on the other's home turf. Green has spent most of his time in southwestern Pennsylvania; Heinz has concentrated on Philadelphia and its suburban counties, Green's backyard.

As one top Green aide put it, pondering newspaper reports of Heinz's spending: "If Heinz buys this election with his money, I'm getting out of politics for good. It makes a mockery of democracy." That is the battle cry that Green himself has begun taking up, and Heinz is ready with his reply: "It's easy for my opponent with the backing of [Democratic] Gov. [Milton J.] Shapp and 90,000 state patronage employees to say . . . 'Don't spend so much money.' I think the people of Pennsylvania would rather I spend my own money than to have the special interest groups buy the election."

In discussing campaign finances, the two invariably squabble over what has emerged as the election's central issue: integrity and independence. Heinz likes to portray Green, the son of a late Philadelphia machine boss, as a "product of machine politics." "I say Bill Green is afraid of Shapp and Frank Rizzo," he says. "I say the people don't want young Billy Green."

Green, in his turn, portrays Heinz as a stooge for former President Richard Nixon, charging that Heinz flip-flopped on numerous key votes under pressure from the Nixon White House. Heinz says Green is guilty of "gutless leadership" for refusing to condemn corruption in the Shapp and Rizzo administrations; Green points out that Heinz has refused to condemn Sen. Scott for his alleged acceptance of illegal Gulf Oil contributions over the years.

Heinz took a risk in drawing integrity as an issue; he himself is one of the politicians who received illegal contributions from Gulf Oil lobbyists. Heinz has admitted receiving the funds, but maintains he was unaware of them at the time. Green delights in reminding audiences of Heinz's Gulf connection, but

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privately he admits it hasn't caught on with the voters, partly because they just can't believe that a man of Heinz's wealth would take $6000.

The race also has created a virtual intrastate political civil war. Heinz shrewdly exploits the almost mythological desire of many western Pennsylvanians to have a senator from their neck of the woods; he would be the first one in decades. Heinz charges that Green, if elected, will "represent only a handful of ward leaders in Philadelphia."

Green's fear is that Heinz's attack will neutralize his own, and that Heinz's money—and the massive advertising it can buy—will ultimately defeat him.

While Heinz shoots around the state in a $500-an-hour jet and, for shorter shuttles, a $200-an-hour helicopter, Green gets around by commerical flight and private automobile. As Heinz steps up his schedule of campaign appearances a desperate Green must devote more and more time to small fundraising affairs.

And there is evidence that Heinz is relying more and more heavily on his advertising to carry him to victory. He has cancelled out of numerous scheduled debates with Green, where Green's persistent questions might generate unfavorable publicity. At this writing, the race appears a toss-up in Pennsylvania, and it remains to be seen just how much money talks.

Paul Critchlow

Ohio

The Taft dynasty is running for its life in Ohio. Sen. Robert Taft, Jr., a conservative Republican, and former Sen. Howard M. Metzenbaum, a liberal Democrat, are engaged in a rematch of their 1970 contest, which Taft won by about 51 to 49 percent. Polls by both parties and independent sources show it is a very close race with a slight edge for Taft. Despite the fact that Ohio is heavily industrialized with a two-to-one registration advantage for Democrats, the state is notorious for electing Republicans at the national level—especially Republicans named Taft.

The Tafts of Cincinnati are the closest thing to political royalty in Ohio. The 59-year-old senator's grandfather was President William Howard Taft and his father was "Mr. Republican," Sen. Robert A. Taft, who lost the GOP presidential nomination to Eisenhower in 1952. Several Tafts have been elected to other offices in Cleveland and Cincinnati. Elected to his first Senate term in 1970, Taft has been a low-key but active senator, on the whole, a supportor of the Nixon-Ford administration. He is conservative and a fierce partisan infighter in the Senate, but he is not as doctrinaire as his father was or many of his colleagues are. His open-mindedness has led him to take somewhat maverick stands from time to time, which keeps up his image back home as a moderate conservative.

Metzenbaum is a 59-year-old lawyer-businessman from Cleveland making his third effort for the US Senate. In 1970, Metzenbaum upset former astronaut John Glenn in the Democratic primary with a brilliantly executed media blitz. Then he lost to Taft by about 70,000 votes in the general election. Metzenbaum was appointed to a Senate vacancy in January 1974, but lost the primary a few months later to Glenn in a bitter grudge match. Glenn blasted Metzenbaum for a dispute with the IRS over his use of tax shelters, and the wounds have been slow to heal. Metzenbaum turned back a challenge from Rep. James V. Stanton (D-Cleveland) in the 1976 primary.

Both Taft and Metzenbaum are millionaires and both have been untouched by any hint of scandal. Taft is softspoken and genteel; his public personality is rather bland. Metzenbaum has an image of an outspoken, political fighter, but in 1976 he has tried to follow a more low-key approach. Metzenbaum succeeded in softening his sharp edges in the 1976 primary while maintaining his image as a fighter of big oil companies, utilities and corporations.

There are sharp differences between the two candidates on major issues, and neither is afraid to point them out. Metzenbaum is for cutting the defense budget by about $15 to $19 billion; Taft says that would badly undermine US military and diplomatic strength. Metzenbaum backs creation of a new consumer protection agency and passage of national health insurance. Taft says these are "big spending, big government" programs of "ultra-liberals" and favors only a limited catastrophic health insurance program. Taft also opposes public jobs bills favored by Metzenbaum. Metzenbaum favors horizontal divestiture for oil companies and opposes deregulation of natural gas. Taft's positions are just the opposite. Metzenbaum has long-time ties to labor organizations and very strong support in black communities throughout the state. He expects to run better this year in Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), where he did not do as well as he hoped in 1970. Taft is strongest in Cincinnati and Columbus—two GOP urban strongholds—and in the smaller towns and cities that dot Ohio. The battle is likely to be for suburban independents and blue-collar families, especially in the more conservative areas downstate.

Taft has been outspending Metzenbaum two to one, according to campaign finance reports filed before the October 10 deadline. The campaign has been low-key, almost dull, so far; both sides plan strong media efforts in the closing weeks. Of the relatively quiet campaign, Taft said, "It makes me nervous. I keep thinking he might find out he's behind and throw some bombshell to get back in the ball game." Both think the TV campaign will be decisive. Metzenbaum's ads attack Taft's record and opposition to programs that Metzen-

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baum hopes will have appeal to most voters—such as the consumer protection agency, jobs bills and health insurance. While Metzenbaum ads attempt to paint Taft as a "do-little" senator, Taft ads portray Taft as a bold, behind-the-scenes leader. They also provide "humanizing" interviews with Taft, who has been somewhat of a one-dimensional figure to many Ohioans for six years.

Taft believes he should be able to win—unless Ford loses badly in Ohio. Taft recalls his race for the Senate in 1964—which he lost by 17,000 votes during the Goldwater defeat. (He lost to Sen. Stephen Young, and Young's campaign manager was Metzenbaum.) Metzenbaum latched onto Jimmy Carter's coattails early in the fall campaign when it appeared Carter had a long lead in Ohio; but that lead has dwindled. Now, the basic choice for Ohioans is the same in the Taft-Metzenbaum race as in the Carter-Ford race. Are Ohioans satisfied with solid, moderately conservative leaders whom they know fairly well—or are they in the mood for a change?

Brian Usher

Michigan

Michigan Rep. Donald W. Riegle, Jr., who for years has been itching to run for the Senate on the way to bigger things, is far ahead of his Republican rival, Rep. Marvin Esch. But the polls, which give Riegle a popularity lead of at least 15 percentage points, don't reflect a couple of soft spots in Riegle's campaign.

One was evident a few nights ago in Washington at a rather poignant farewell gathering given by the Michigan congressional delegation for Sen. Philip A. Hart, whom Riegle or Esch will replace, and veteran Representative James G. O'Hara, who lost to Riegle in the Democratic primary.

The old-line Democrats in the delegation, the civil rights activists of another year and the trade unionists who have fought for two decades in the liberal trenches alongside O'Hara, made no secret of their hostility toward Riegle, who was a Republican until three years ago. And they applauded with enthusiasm when Republican Rep. E.A. Cederberg said that the primary voters were wrong when they chose Riegle over O'Hara.

Thus, on the Democratic side, Riegle (who defeated not only O'Hara, but the popular, black Secretary of State, Richard Austin) must still overcome resistance among party leaders and some sections of organized labor; although younger, more progressive union elements, led by the United Auto Workers, have felt from the beginning of the campaign that Riegle would be the strongest candidate.

Riegle's other major problem, and one that affords Esch his best shot, is that the race is in Jerry Ford's backyard. That might not have been the factor it has become. Despite state pride, Ford has never been popular outside western Michigan; Democrats and moderate independents far outnumber Republicans; and even the Michigan GOP in recent years has been more progressive than the President. Riegle also expected to be aided by his party association with Jimmy Carter whose unconventional style and his faint resemblance to John F. Kennedy seemed to make him popular here. It seemed to Riegle's managers, until the campaign actually began, that the fine UAW organization, the size of the independent vote, high unemployment and the number of displaced Southerners in the auto plants would give great power to a Carter-Mondale-Riegle ticket, even in Ford's home state.

But in recent weeks, Carter missteps and decline in the polls have driven Riegle further away from the presidential race. And now Riegle says: "The job of running for President is Carter's. We're running our own campaign."

Out there on his own, Riegle has been the target of a slashing, personalized attack from Esch, usually a bland campaigner. Riegle's rather messy divorce from his first wife in 1971 as well as his defection from the Republican party has prompted the Esch charge, repeated on the stump by former Gov. George Romney, that Riegle is personally and politically "unstable."

Riegle's much-publicized press conference confession on October 18 that he once had an extramarital affair with a member of his congressional staff, and, moreover, that there exist tape recordings (made with his consent) of those liaisons, lend a special credibility to these GOP charges. As yet, there are no polls to indicate whether this has had the disastrous effect it might, but it introduces the kind of late-blooming self-annihilating issue that can become the undoing of a frontrunner. Michigan Republicans such as Senate Whip Robert Griffin and Gov. William Milliken have remained in office by labeling Democrats as risks while doing the best job of any state party in getting out the vote. In this manner, Michigan Republicans have confounded the registration figures and won the largest share of the ticket-splitting independent votes in critical state-wide races.

Riegle, who is better known statewise than Esch and is a superior and more telegenic campaigner, probably has the best chance for the ticket-splitters and independents. But he is battling against apathy and the possibility of a low voter turn-out, which always hurts Democrats. And if the Michigan Republican party does its usual job of getting out the vote (and this time for a Michigan President), Esch could ride on Ford's coattails even though Ford may lose the national election.

Saul Friedman

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Tennessee

Sen. William E. Brock, III, the fiercely conservative Republican who helped create a two-party system in Tennessee, may lose his seat this year in a Jimmy Carter landslide. Although there are signs that Carter has slipped somewhat in Tennessee, he may be stronger here than in any state except his native Georgia. Carter received 78 percent of the vote in the May presidential primary, 10 percentage points more than George Wallace got in 1972.

The question Tennessee political observers are asking is whether Carter's coattails are strong enough to pull Democrat James R. Sasser, a relatively unknown Nashville lawyer, into Brock's seat. The Democrats have been waiting for this grudge match since 1970, when Brock gave up his House seat in the Chattanooga area to run against and defeat Sen. Albert Gore, the outspoken Tennessee-style populist.

Brock's campaign that year was a classic example of what Richard Nixon's team called political hardball. Gore was accused, sometimes by innuendo, sometimes directly, of being anti-Southern, pro-busing, anti-prayer, pro-gun control and "the third senator from Massachusetts." That tone, combined with Gore's years of neglect of fencemending at home and a disorganized Democratic party, put Brock in the Senate.

Sasser, 40, managed Gore's campaign in the Nashville area in 1970, and he hasn't forgotten Brock since. Sasser became chairman of the state Democratic party and helped put it back into a position of winning the governorship and two House seats from the Republicans in 1974.

Brock has suffered this year not only from Carter's popularity, but from bad feelings in the Republican party. Many of the GOP's stalwarts here are still bitter about President Ford's treatment of Sen. Howard Baker, who may be Tennessee's most popular politician. Tennessee Republicans went to Kansas City hoping Baker would be the vice presidential nominee, but found the White House leaking stories about his wife's drinking problems instead.

Brock seemed to flounder during the campaign, and has yet to find an issue that ignites any sparks. He has tried to paint Sasser as a Gore-type liberal, but Sasser moved to the right of Carter on such sensitive issues as amnesty and abortion. Since early in the year, polls on both sides have shown Brock's popularity rating below 50 percent, with many voters undecided. Politicians here regard that as an ominous sign for an incumbent.

Sasser, who looks something like an earnest Boy Scout in need of a haircut, has made financial disclosure a major issue in the campaign. Before the August Democratic primary, Sasser released a statement of his own modest net worth and his latest income tax returns. He has demanded repeatedly during the fall that Brock do the same. Sasser says that Brock's favorable voting record on issues affecting big business, multinational oil companies and utilities may be influenced by his financial holdings.

Brock says, he cannot disclose his assets because they are all contained in a blind trust. How "blind" he is about those assets has become a campaign issue. Reporters digging into records in Georgia have found evidence that Brock has invested in excess of one million dollars in a real estate development across the street from the Atlanta airport. Brock made the investments in the late 1960s and early 1970s after creating at least four business vehicles with mysterious names like Beta Associates, Gamma Associates, Airport Associates and ABCD Associates. Within months of the formation of all four, he shifted his interests to his wife, who still holds them. Brock has yet to explain these transactions to the satisfaction of his opponent, and Sasser continues to emphasize the importance of disclosure.

Last week Brock disclosed that he had a gross income of $51,670 in 1975 and paid taxes on it in the amount of $2,026. He refused to comment on reports that he paid no income taxes whatever in 1974. The issue of Brock's finances is at this writing the most important one in the campaign. And polls taken for both Brock and Sasser last week showed Sasser three points ahead.

Sen. Brock expects to spend up to one million dollars in a media campaign in the last days of the race, compared to about $400,000 for Sasser. But he hears the footsteps of Jimmy Carter in the background.

Larry Daughtrey

Missouri

Some unadmiring Missouri Democrats credit Warren E. Hearnes, a party boss who reigned for eight years as Missouri governor and now is the Democratic nominee for the US Senate, with fathering the modern Republican party in Missouri.

For 22 years, a Republican nomination in this state didn't mean much. Then in 1968, Missouri voters took a small swipe at the Democratic party's spoils machine, which was in full blast under the Hearnes administration. Although Hearnes overwhelmingly won a second four-year term as governor, the incumbent Democratic attorney general, who had confidently expected to ride the coattails of Hearnes, was defeated. He was replaced by a 32-year-old Episcopal clergyman named John C. Danforth. Even Danforth, the wealthy grandson of the founder of the Ralston Purina Company and now a Yale trustee, was surprised by the victory.

The stranglehold that the patronage-fueled Democratic party held on state government slowly disintegrated. The auditor's office fell into Republican hands in 1970, and the state treasurer, a Democrat, was

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indicted the same year for using his office for personal profit. (He was later acquitted.) At the end of his second term in 1972, Hearnes left Jefferson City for a quieter life, but the party was in a shambles. That year Republicans captured the governorship and three of the five other statewide offices.

In all those years, Hearnes, who presided over a disintegrating Democratic party, and Danforth, leading a parade of victorious Republican reformers, never faced each other in an election contest. Now the fight they both have been waiting for is happening; Danforth and Hearnes are scrapping for the seat of retiring Sen. Stuart Symington. Symington was the first US Secretary of the Air Force, but became a doubter on Vietnam and Pentagon projects toward the end of his 24 years in the Senate.

Hearnes went into battle carrying the scars of his patronage-laden administration. Certain state funds had been deposited in banks friendly to Hearnes, accounts that paid no interest income to the state. The state revenue department, supposedly an impartial collector of taxes, had been a Democratic patronage army. A two-year federal investigation into Hearnes' income tax returns ended this spring without an indictment, but it reinforced Hearnes' image as a backroom politician.

Hearnes also has a loser's image. He finished a dismal second in the August 3 Democratic Senate primary with only 26 percent of the vote; he is the Senate nominee today only because he was able to call in the IOUs left over from his days as governor.

All this combines to make Danforth a strong favorite over Hearnes and to make Missouri one of the few states where there is a good chance a Democratic-held Senate seat will be taken over by a Republican.

Danforth would not have had such a good chance to capture the Senate seat had he been forced to run against Rep. Jerry Litton. Litton was a two-term congressman who poured about $700,000 of his personal fortune into a $1.25 million campaign that won the Senate nomination with 46 percent of the vote. As the returns were being counted on August 3, he left his home in Chillicothe by airplane with his wife, two children and two others for a victory celebration in Kansas City. Shortly after take-off, the plane crashed, killing Litton and the other passengers.

Litton won his nomination with the aid of people like Patrick Caddell and farm folks and political newcomers, who flocked to the Litton campaign as if to a religious crusade. They cared only about Litton and ignored the traditional party organizations, such as the 60-member Democratic state committee. Unfortunately it was the latter that chose Litton's replacement.

Hearnes started his general election drive with only $22 in his campaign treasury. The loser image and the antipathy of some of the former Litton and Symington workers made it difficult for Hearnes to raise money and recruit volunteers. And the deliverable Democratic votes in Kansas City and St. Louis, which Hearnes desperately needs, no longer can be served up as effectively by the failing old-line factions. Danforth, completing eight years as a popular state attorney general, has deep strength in the rural areas, which he carried in 1970. He lost to Sen. Symington by only 37,000 votes in his first try for the Senate. Both Hearnes and Danforth have espoused conservative views on economic and federal spending.

The Missouri Democratic state committee has attempted to capitalize on Danforth's past association with Richard Nixon by reprinting a 1970 Republican campaign poster that shows Danforth and Nixon together. It is captioned, "Nixon needs Danforth." The state committee, ironically, isn't mentioning that Hearnes served as a trustee of the Legal Defense Fund for Spiro Agnew before Agnew resigned the vice presidency in 1973.

Charles Hucker

Maryland

In Maryland there is an overwhelming Democratic majority; the problem for each Democratic candidate has been to prevent inherent conflicts within the majority coalition from surfacing in his own campaign. The party dissension centers on struggles between reformers (strongest in Montgomery County), the old-guard machine Democrats in Baltimore and the rural conservatives of the Eastern Shore, western and southern Maryland. Gov. Marvin Mandel (D) has manipulated these factions in two past elections through executive patronage and tight control of traditional sources of campaign contributions. Former Sen. Joseph D. Tydings (D) allowed strong voter backing in 1964 to splinter into elective chaos six years later through his neglect of the reform wing, his advocacy of preventive detention and gun control, and his neglect of the constituent services demanded by Democratic clubs and their blue-collar voters.

Rep. Paul S. Sarbanes, the Democratic nominee for Senate this year, has carefully avoided dividing the party in a campaign designed to submerge ideology and pacify each of the major state interest groups. Reformers are sympathetic to Sarbanes; he comes from a working class background, was educated on scholarship at Princeton, wrote and presented the first article of impeachment of Richard M. Nixon to the Judiciary Committee and defeated two incumbent congressmen identified with the entrenched seniority system and with Washington special interest groups. (These were George H. Fallon, former chairman of the Public Works Committee, and Edward A. Garmatz, former chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee.) During his six years in the House, Sarbanes developed a liberal voting record with ratings

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of 90 percent or more by ADA, COPE, consumer and environmental groups.

However, this record would be a major liability in many sections of Maryland, providing dangerous campaign fodder for his opponent, Sen. J. Glenn Beall, Jr., if Sarbanes had not also made a series of clever tactical moves. The most important was his decision to limit his reform activities strictly to national issues and to avoid state and local reform drives, despite liberal pressure to get involved and make use of the evidence of pervasive corruption in the state. Sarbanes has never threatened what is known as the Mandel wing of the party—although he has kept himself at arm's length from the indicted governor since before the legal inquiries began—and he has steadily cemented his ties to the understructure of the Mandel faction: the Democratic clubs of working class Baltimore. These organizations are less interested in the liberalism or conservatism of their federal representatives than in the help their congressmen lend in obtaining constituent services and money to pay their voters during elections. Sarbanes has accommodated the clubs on both points. In a further effort to submerge ideological conflict during the campaign, Sarbanes has de-emphasized his liberal voting record; since 1970, he has limited his left-of-center views to economic issues: his opposition to abortion on demand, his support of limited gun control and his opposition to busing do not alienate the center and right of his party.

While Sarbanes has worked to foster Democratic cohesiveness, Beall—a member of an upper-crust, western Maryland family with ties to the banking and insurance industries—faces a difficult and probably insurmountable contest largely determined by two factors of his own making. Unlike his senior colleague, Sen. Charles McC. Mathias, Jr. (R) who won in 1968 against a splintered Democratic party and then proceeded to develop firm bases of support among blacks, labor and reformers, Beall has not extended himself beyond Republican parameters, despite the fact that there are 1.2 million Democrats in Maryland and less than 500,000 registered Republicans. Beall was until 1974 a firm supporter of President Nixon and of his vetoes. He has been a strong supporter of President Ford, and he voted to sustain vetoes of public works jobs bills, a mistake that may cost votes in his own western Maryland where unemployment is 12 percent. It will also hurt Beall among the working class whites of Baltimore, many of whom backed him over Tydings in 1970 when Tydings, as a liberal, was seen as representing positions antithetical to their interests. The second factor has been the revelation of Beall's receipt of $185,000 from the Nixon "Townhouse Fund" in 1970, a fact that didn't become public knowledge until the 1973 Senate Watergate hearings. Although Beall called a press conference last June ostensibly to answer all questions about the use of the secret cache, he still refused to identify Democratic recipients of cash handed out from a Baltimore hotel room the day before the election, and this prompted further press investigations. It turned out that Beall had personally sought out financial backing from the White House fund, contrary to his prior assertions.

Although he is the incumbent, Beall has been forced to campaign in the style of a challenger, issuing a steady barrage of attacks against Sarbanes, most of which center around his claim that programs Sarbanes supports—the Humphrey-Hawkins jobs bill, Kennedy-Corman national health, and others—would cost each taxpayer $1800 a year if enacted. Beall is considered far behind by both politicians and pollsters, but he has been able to raise adequate funds by Maryland standards: $496,000 as of October 1.

As a senator, Beall has not emerged as a significant figure on any major national issue. If, as the polls suggest, he is replaced by Sarbanes, the Democratic majority will be strengthened. Sarbanes has been even more loyal to Democratic-endorsed bills that Beall to GOP legislation. But it is not clear how strong a voice Sarbanes would be in the Senate. As a member of the House, he did not initiate legislation, and sponsored only seven bills in six years. He is cautious to a fault—when he presented the crime section of the Democratic platform to the New York convention, an aide was required to rewrite the entirely non-controversial statement 24 times. The work he has been most praised for in the House—his work on impeachment and House reform—fell to him by assignment from the Judiciary and Bolling committees. He was not the initiator.

Thomas Edsall

Virginia

Sen. Harry F. Byrd, Jr. has taken to the campaign circuit again to thunder against big government and preach what he perceives to be the true gospel of fiscal responsibility and the virtues of Virginia.

Byrd, who carries Virginia's most enduring political name of this century, in mid-October clearly held a secure lead in his battle to win reelection to a Senate seat that has been in the family since 1933. To many, Harry Byrd, Jr. is not the political animal that his father was. Harry Byrd, Sr. also railed against big government and pledged to uphold fiscal responsibility and balanced budgets, and he also built a monolithic statewide organization that prompted Jonathan Daniels to write of Virginia as the "cradle and the grave of democracy."

The Byrd organization—only the ungenteel in Virginia who are bold enough to oppose it call it a machine—is no more. It had begun to crumble when Southern resistance to racial integration collapsed, a half-dozen years before the elder Byrd resigned from the Senate in 1965 and saw his son take his place.

The junior Byrd was not able to revive the organiza-

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tion. Reportedly fearing a 1970 primary defeat, Byrd left the Democratic party, to which his father had paid lip service on the national level for the last two decades of his life, and became an independent. And as an independent he has resurrected the old organization.

In doing so, Byrd may have the best of all possible worlds. Many former Byrd Democrats—an example is Gov. Mills E. Godwin, Jr.—have become Republicans, and they, of course, support Byrd. And Byrd also commands the support of conservatives who still call themselves Democrats and who in 1976 lean to Jimmy Carter—a fact that may have encouraged Byrd to keep a fatherly "golden silence" in this campaign.

To be sure, the Byrd support is older and subject to mortality rates, but it votes, and in Virginia—where the organization fostered the principle that only "better" people voted—it works. All of it must cause despair for Byrd's Democratic rival, former chief of naval operations Elmo R. Zumwalt, the launcher of a thousand Z-grams, the man who, according to old-line military supporters of Byrd, destroyed their Navy by permitting long hair and promoting racial integration.

There is a third man in the race, Martin H. Perper. He ineffectively sought the Republican nomination at a June state convention which was openly for Byrd. Perper's impact is likely to be irrelevant.

On the national scene Zumwalt has been perceived as a one-issue candidate, a man who has espoused billions for defense and criticized détente and Henry Kissinger. Zumwalt considers this unfair. He may have summed up his campaign in a speech to a college audience not too long ago when, invoking his two-year-old granddaughter, he spoke of defense as an "insurance policy" for her future and also talked of the need for US aid for undeveloped countries and federal spending "to maintain our way of life."

In another state, Zumwalt might well have had a chance. But in Virginia, where he registered to vote for the first time just last year, he has been assailed as a carpetbagger. Zumwalt has had trouble raising campaign funds—Byrd, naturally, has not—and more than half of his contributions have come from out of state.

But most of all, Zumwalt, who on balance must be counted as a moderate, has encountered an historical truth. Virginia invariably elects the more conservative candidate. Especially conservatives named Byrd.

Shelley Rolfe

Paul Critchlow *is a political writer for the* Philadelphia Inquirer. Larry Daughtrey *is a correspondent for the* Nashville Tennessean. Thomas Edsall *is a member of the Washington bureau of the* Baltimore Sun. Saul Friedman *is national correspondent for the Knight newspapers.* Jim Hightower *is editor of the* Texas Observer. Charles Hucker *is a correspondent for the* Kansas City Star and Times. Jeremy Larner, *journalist and novelist, wrote the screenplay for the film* The Candidate. Don O. Noel, Jr. *is senior correspondent for* WFSB-TV *in Hartford.* Sam Roberts *is chief political correspondent for the* New York Daily News. Shelley Rolfe *is a correspondent for the* Richmond Times-Dispatch *and* Brian Usher *is a member of the Columbus bureau of the* Beacon Journal.

Thinking about Tito

Yugoslavia's Jitters

by Tad Szulc

Belgrade

In this strategic heartland of the Balkans, there is mounting concern these days over the Tito succession. The future of Yugoslavia after the ailing 84-year-old Marshal departs from the scene he has so totally dominated for over three decades is of as much concern to the West and the Soviet Union as it is to the 21 million Yugoslavs.

Tito's death, when it comes, is bound to be a major world event—quite aside from the loss to the Yugoslavs whom he has succeeded in molding into a unified state for the first time in their history—and the potential succession struggle may well turn into an East-West crisis. To the Russians, a power vacuum in Belgrade would possibly be an irresistible temptation to bring this defiantly independent Marxist country back into their orbit; Moscow has never forgiven Tito for leaving

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the Soviet bloc in 1948.

To the West, Yugoslavia's return to the Soviet fold would be strategically and politically intolerable; it would dangerously upset the balance of power in Europe, the Mediterranean, and even the Middle East. A Soviet military presence, or even military influence, on the northern border of Greece, the eastern border of Italy (where the powerful Communist party, autonomous as it is in Italian domestic affairs, generally supports Soviet foreign policy), and the southern border of Austria would overnight change the European security picture. And Soviet access to Yugoslav naval bases on the Adriatic would dislocate the whole Mediterranean strategy.

To the Yugoslavs themselves, the restoration of Soviet domination would do away with the political independence they have guarded so jealously for a generation and with the unique—and quite successful—social-economic Marxist system they have developed under Tito's guidance. Today, Yugoslavia is by far the most prosperous Socialist country in Europe, and, in every sense, the closest to the West, This is a state of affairs that few Yugoslavs are prepared to jeopardize. In fact, Yugoslavs are ready to fight to protect what they have—and they hope the Russians know it.

The dangers implicit in Tito's disappearance have been obvious for a long time. But, as I found during a visit to Yugoslavia this month, Tito's recent illness (officially described as a liver ailment) and his evident fatigue following the exertion from a series of far-flung foreign trips this year have served to turn the problem of Yugoslav succession into an acute issue with a palpable sense of immediacy and urgency. Contributing to this visible concern over the future are the Soviet Union's apparent new policies in Europe. The continuing build-up of Soviet and Warsaw Pact conventional as well as strategic military forces on the continent, for example, is watched in Belgrade with considerable uneasiness. There is a parallel fear of mysterious Western designs against Yugoslavia.

In sum, then, there is a clear feeling of nervousness in this bustling capital on the Danube, manifested by an extraordinary sensitivity to everything pertaining to foreign affairs and by a noticeable tightening in domestic political controls. Reading the Yugoslav press, which fully reflects the views of policymakers, and listening to senior officials expounding their opinions, one has the distinct impression that something of a siege mentality is growing inside the government, although it is not yet detectable among the people at large.

It is difficult (and perhaps irrelevant) for a foreigner to judge whether or not the official siege mentality and its manifestations are exaggerated or even unjustified. What is relevant is that this mentality does exist—and that it will go on until the ultimate dénouement of the Tito succession. And, therefore, big powers such as the United States, with an overriding interest in Yugoslavia's future, must learn to live with it.

It is disturbing to report for this reason that, considering what is at stake in Yugoslavia, the policy of the United States lacks subtlety and understanding. It tends to be petulant and picayune, ignoring that the pressures of the approaching succession are responsible for what often may be construed as bizarre or even seemingly irrational acts by the Tito regime toward the United States.

American diplomacy in Belgrade, presumably sanctioned by Secretary of State Kissinger (although not necessarily by working-level officials in the State Department) and executed by an ambassador who is a political appointee and not a career diplomat with expertise in Balkan and Communist affairs, appears to be wholly devoid of historic perspective at this most critical juncture. It confuses long-range American interests here with issues that are primarily irritants stemming from Yugoslavia's own hyper-sensitivities—including acts that probably are inexcusable in normal international intercourse—with the result that the United States now finds itself enmeshed in pointless disputes with Belgrade that increasingly poison the overall relationship at the worst possible time. The Yugoslavs are obviously to blame, too, but the United States should be capable of greater political wisdom than it has shown in the last year or so.

The classic example along these lines involved the case of a naturalized American citizen of Hungarian origin named Laszlo Toth who was sentenced last year to a seven-year prison term for "economic espionage" after arranging to photograph a sugar mill (equipped with West German machinery) north of Belgrade. It is just as unclear why Toth would want to have photographs of a sugar mill as why the Yugoslavs decided that this constituted espionage. In any event, the Toth case became a *cause célèbre;* while the Yugoslavs might have been indulging in what many professional diplomats here regard as "spy mania," the American ambassador, Laurence H. Silberman (a former deputy attorney general under Nixon) approached the problem in what might be called "the spirit of *Mayaguez.*"

There is no question, of course, that American embassies have the duty of protecting citizens imprisoned abroad, especially when the charges, as in the Toth instance, were at best dubious. But Silberman turned it into a crusade with political overtones far exceeding the issue involved. To Silberman's credit, his dogged defense of Toth resulted in a decision by the Yugoslav government to free him last July after a year in prison. It is quite possible that the Yugoslavs themselves realized that they had made an error in arresting Toth in the first place. And, deservedly, Silberman received plaudits in scores of United States newspaper editorials for springing Toth. Belgrade said

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it had let Toth go as a token of goodwill.

The political problems arose, however, when Silberman, in a speech to a group of visiting American businessmen in Bled, Yugoslavia—delivered a month before Toth's release—warned that any Americans could be capriciously arrested here. The Yugoslavs felt that Silberman was seeking to discourage badly needed American investments in this country (currently there are 19 American-Yugoslav joint business ventures with $155 million in private United States capital) as a lever to get Toth out of prison. The East Europe office of the State Department similarly took the view that the ambassador was unduly relating the Toth situation to the broader matter of American-Yugoslav economic cooperation that Washington had always encouraged as a matter of policy.

On the day Toth was finally released and sent home, Silberman took the unusual step of telling an airport news conference of his "disputes" with the State Department's East Europe office over this case; this, in turn, reopened a totally unnecessary public discussion of American-Yugoslav relations, involving the State Department on one side and the Belgrade foreign ministry on the other, even though the Toth case was already closed. The Yugoslav press also got into the act, and a new series of charges and counter-charges escalated on several levels.

The Yugoslav anger at Silberman was reflected in a series of accusations in the press that the United States was using the Toth affair to discredit Yugoslavia on the eve of the summit conference of non-aligned countries at Colombo, Sri Lanka, which Tito, the principal champion of non-alignment, was planning to attend. Just before his departure for Colombo, Tito himself entered the controversy, charging in a rare interview that "certain big powers" were seeking to disrupt the unity of the non-aligned countries, remarking that "for example, the United States ambassador in Belgrade, Silberman, has initiated a campaign against us in the United States." As far as anyone here can remember, this was the first time Tito had ever attacked a foreign ambassador by name.

That the United States takes a dim view of the non-aligned movement is, of course, no secret. Washington has long been resentful of what it regards as anti-American positions taken by the non-aligned countries in the United Nations and elsewhere. It believes that this group, including Yugoslavia, seems to be bending "non-alignment" in favor of the Soviet bloc.

Senior Yugoslav officials with whom I discussed the controversy over non-alignment insist, however, that this situation may change somewhat if the United States becomes as "skillful" as the Communists in attracting nonaligned support. Their contention is that the Soviet bloc cleverly backs the "Third World" in its aspirations, while the United States holds out for the status quo.

As seen from Belgrade, there may be a certain validity in this argument. At the same time, however, my Yugoslav interlocutors made it clear that most of the non-aligned countries, including Yugoslavia, approach all United States initiatives with *a priori* suspicions. A case in point was the rather negative reaction by Yugoslav officials to Kissinger's southern African diplomatic efforts during October. Their view was that although the Secretary was moving in the right direction, he had acted much too late and was handling the Rhodesian regime too gently.

All this, it seems to me, may be in part the burden of the past when it comes to Yugoslav and other non-aligned perceptions of fresh American policies. That it should be so must be annoying to Washington. On the other hand, there is little to be gained by fighting the Yugoslavs over non-alignment, valid as the American complaints may be.

For Yugoslavia, caught as she is between the Soviets and the West, non-alignment is perceived as the only possible policy—and Tito, naturally, takes great pride in being one of this mixed-bag movement's chief architects. The official line in Belgrade is that "We are neither pro-Soviet nor pro-American—we are pro-Yugoslavia," and there may be some merit in accepting this statement at face value, even if we harbor doubts about the objectivity of the non-aligned.

The related fact coloring all attitudes here is that Yugoslavia is a Marxist state, a reality that has been acceptable to the United States since 1948 when Tito broke with the Soviets. In this sense, there is limited value in antagonizing Yugoslavia on the eve of its succession problems. To say the least, the United States should be as pragmatic toward Yugoslavia as it is toward Moscow and Peking. And American national interest is involved in keeping Yugoslavia in her neutralist position, even if she is pro-Arab and votes in favor of, say, Puerto Rican self-determination.

Given Yugoslavia's immense sensitivities at this time of approaching transition, the United States has been remiss in dealing with the rash of terrorist acts against Yugoslav diplomatic offices and personnel in the United States by Croatian separatists, some of them with links to wartime Fascist groups. The Yugoslavs find it hard to understand why the FBI has been unable to solve the 15 or so cases of such terrorism on American soil. They can't see how the Croats managed the September hijacking of a TWA airliner on its way to Chicago.

After many years of fairly harmonious relations, the United States and Yugoslavia appear to be bogged down in a series of misunderstandings, one feeding on another. It is a parlous situation requiring a dose of American statesmanship that at this time is virtually non-existent. That the Yugoslavs, deeply worried about their future, are often at fault is beside the point: the stakes in Yugoslavia are too high to let petulance, justified or not, take the place of thoughtful policies.

How long Tito will live is anybody's guess. But

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Yugoslavia has already entered the succession process, which may last a long time, with uncertainties, fears and sensitivities becoming more acute as time goes on. Tito, of course, remains the supreme power in this land, but, gradually, policy-making in many areas is passing to other hands. According to officials here, he will no longer undertake foreign trips, and he will be seeing fewer and fewer foreign visitors. As a result of his recent illness, he is doing less and less work, finally beginning to delegate some of his responsibilities. Thus a quiet power struggle—as well as something of a power vacuum—is beginning to develop. This may be why state security organs are again becoming overzealous—and politically-minded people are watching their step.

As President of the Yugoslav League of Communists, Tito has no formally designated successor. The assumption is that on his death he will be replaced by Edvard Kardelj, his closest associate and a comrade from the partisan war against the Nazis. But at 66, Kardelj is in poor health. Much of the succession talk thus currently centers on Stane Dolanc, a 51-year-old lawyer from Slovenia who now holds the post of Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Central Committee of the Presidency of the Communist party. Another man to watch is Kiro Gligorov, a Macedonian and now President of the National Assembly. A 59-year-old lawyer, Gligorov is a popular and articulate politician of the second leadership generation, as is Dolanc. Then there is Aleksandar Grlickov, 53, also a Macedonian, now in charge of the Communist party's international relations. At Tito's death, Kardelj, Dolanc, Gligorov and Grlickov could act, at least temporarily, as a collective leadership.

The most important thing in Yugoslavia's future, however, is not the name of Tito's successor, but the leadership's ability to maintain intact the unity of this federal republic, composed of six national republics and two autonomous regions. Tito's greatest achievement may have been to unify these diverse republics into a cohesive state. The danger is that with Tito gone, all these competing cultures may explode again and tear the country asunder. Traditional rivalries between Serbia and Croatia, and between the prosperous north (Croatia and Slovenia) and the less developed south (Macedonia, Montenegro, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and even Serbia) could split Yugoslavia along regional lines and bring strife and chaos. This, of course, is the kind of situation that would favor some form of Soviet interference—most likely political subversion. Yugoslavs tend to rule out Soviet military intervention on the grounds that it would unite the country just as the German-Italian invasion did in 1941.

Rational and optimistic assessments here are that after 30 years of unity, most Yugoslavs have a vested interest in the status quo. This unity and the economic system of self-management have brought Yugoslavia considerable prosperity: between 1965 and 1974, the per capita income in the country has risen from $500 to $1500. The current development plan emphasizes heavy investments in the south to raise living standards closer to those in the north. A break-up of the federation would obviously create an economic collapse, and Yugoslavs seem to understand it.

Still, competing regional interests in Yugoslavia are powerful. Tito found it necessary to purge the Croatian Communist party in 1971 to control Croatian nationalism. And he did the same with the Serbian party in 1973. A new constitution was promulgated in 1974 to consolidate further the national unity and the new institutions.

The developing political repression here appears to be related, as much as anything else, to the attempt to control regional nationalism, although quite a few dissidents from liberal groups (as well as pro-Soviet figures) get caught in the process. In 1973, for example, eight Belgrade University philosophy professors were fired during the Serbian party crisis for propounding "Marxist humanism" though they were not otherwise persecuted. Currently, the official line is that writers and other artists are not expected to support the Tito system, but they are not to oppose it either. However, Yugoslavia's most famous dissident—Milovan Djilas—enjoys total freedom to speak out and publish, but to publish mainly abroad. He has recently completed his wartime memoirs.

Earlier this year, a lawyer named Srdja Popovic was sentenced to one year in prison for defending in court a political dissident who was regarded as a Serbian nationalist. But, on appeal, the sentence was reduced to probation. This month, a district judge in Slovenia, Franc Miklavcic, was convicted of treason and sentenced to six years in prison for allegedly advocating Slovene separatism. Instances have been reported of arrests for publicly singing "nationalist" songs and telling "nationalist" jokes.

A "cominformist" named Vladimir Dapcevic was given a 20-year prison sentence (after first being sentenced to death) this year on charges of leading a pro-Soviet conspiracy. In an unexplained fashion, he was lured to Yugoslavia from Romania where he was living at the time.

Though politically Yugoslavia is easily the most complex country in all of Europe, there is good reason to hope that despite all the internal and external pressures, common sense and reason will prevail after Tito's death. But the perils remain immense. Evidently, the Yugoslavs will have to decide their destiny themselves, but it is vital for the West—as it is for Yugoslavia—that she should not find herself isolated politically from Western Europe and the United States in her moment of truth. This is why policymakers in Washington—Ford or Carter—should give some hard thought to Yugoslavia. She may before too long be the focus of one of the greatest postwar crises in Europe.

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By Politics Possessed

The Democrats

by Henry Fairlie

Whatever else may be said of the Democratic party, no one will deny that it enjoys politics. It would not rather be in business or in law, in medicine or in real estate. It is not a church or a reformatory, a Sunday school or a Rotary Club. It engages in politics as much for the sake of politics as for anything else: for the game—the chances, the dangers, the defeats, the triumphs, the luck, the opportunities, the disappointments—and it plays it hard. It is tireless in its pursuit.

Politics *is* its mistress, or its addiction, which may be saying the same thing. It does not know how to pray, "Deliver us from temptation." It lives to be tempted. No pussy-foot it! The allure of politics draws it on—to it almost cares not where. If it is to perdition, then to perdition it will go, singing "Happy Days Are Here Again." Prissiness is not among its faults. Even today one thinks of it most easily in a bar, sawdust on the floor, a derby on its head, its thumbs in the armholes of its vest, a cigar in its mouth, aiming now and then at the spittoon but just missing it, and ready at the sight or sound of a Republican to leap to its feet, and punch him in the nose. It has a taste for a donnybrook, like the Irish who are so much a part of it.

In some ways, Franklin Roosevelt left no more important legacy to the Democratic party than his gusto. The memory of that gusto has been in its life-blood for more than a generation, now, since his death. A patrician he may have been, but he was not really very far from that figure in the bar, with the sawdust on the floor. The jutting jaw and the cigarette holder, the bellowing voice which could so sedulously woo, the gusting laughter which could force tears. And what a campaigner! In 1944, he was old and ailing; in fact, he was dying. Yet on October 21, he made a 50-mile drive in an open car in pouring rain through four boroughs of New York, and then made a major speech. Like what he stood for or not, the man deserved to win.

And what a ruler! He pitted his colleagues against each other, and watched and listened—and learned—as they disputed: holding the reins loose, and then sitting back, again to watch and listen—and learn—as the more mettlesome among them became entangled in the traces. "Roosevelt often made a game of it," said Harry Truman; he "had a lot of fun while he was President. He could not get around very well, and it would stimulate him to watch others match wits."

There was mischief in it, but there was also purpose: to test the men who served him. But above all there was the humanity which still throbs in every recollection of him. "The President is a fine companion to be out with," wrote Harold Ickes in his diary; "he can both receive and give a thrust. He has a wide range of interests and is exceedingly human." He spoke of Roosevelt's "ability to laugh and relax," and said: "I have never had contact with a man who was loved as he is." These tributes are all the more remarkable when we consider that they came from one of the most irascible men in politics, and from one who had been inspired as a young man by another Roosevelt. His devotion to FDR was never quite eroded even after 12 years in his administration.

Not all thrived in the atmosphere that Roosevelt created. The vanity of Henry Wallace was at times impenetrable. One has to read only his own diaries, his own evidence, to see that Roosevelt warned him, again and again, during 1943 and 1944, that he would probably not be the candidate for Vice President for a second term. Yet such was Wallace's capacity for self-delusion that, when finally he was not chosen, he could claim to be surprised and accuse Roosevelt of deception.

Roosevelt warned him even against his naïve and increasing entanglement in the Communist line toward the end of World War II, the entanglement which was eventually to be his downfall. When on March 13, 1944, Wallace told the President that he did not want to go on his scheduled trip to Siberia and China unless he could do some good, Roosevelt answered: "Oh, you must go. I think you ought to see a lot of Siberia." Only a man as consumed with vanity as Wallace would not have felt the sting in that flick, and understood why it was a convenience to Roosevelt to have him out of the country, however briefly, as the moment approached for him to choose his nominee for the vice presidency.

Henry Wallace was a significant figure and in many ways a considerable politician. He enjoyed politics, too, but his enjoyment was always advertised by him as the selfless effort to fulfill some divine revelation. He enjoyed politics only when he won, never when he lost, and he therefore lost. He is of interest to us as a prototype of a kind of liberal whose vanity persistently undermines their causes.

If we are to understand the Democratic party today, we must begin with Roosevelt in this manner, because the man in himself is as important as any of his politics. The revisionist historians of the New Deal forget the man; they always forget *the man*. We too often search for explanations of our great men that are either too lofty

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or too mundane. If we are ready to see them just as they were or are, we will usually discover that the quality which has carried them into our minds and hearts, there to stay for decades and even for centuries, is their human-ness: not more exceptional than our own, because the it would cease to be human, but exceptional only in its demonstrations.

This is true of Lincoln. We can touch the man in him, and the man in him touches us; we still laugh and cry with him . It is true of Churchill. As anyone who lived in Britain in those years can testify, much of his popular leadership during World War II rested on nothing else but his human-ness: he was "Winnie" to one and all, a darling man, as the Irish say. And the same is true of Roosevelt: we simply know that there was a man, there was a *mensch*.

As he forced through the early measures of the New Deal, as much by his exuberant spirit as by any other quality, the pace in Washington was hectic: he left town for a couple of days' rest, to return and say that one night he had "sat up until six o'clock in the morning playing poker and drinking beer," and he was restored by it. As he teased his colleagues through one presidential term, through a second and a third and into a fourth, through a depression and into a war, what else was he doing but searching out the humanity in them? At this level, government is a thing, not of laws, but of men. The exercise of power is redeemed by the human-ness of those who hold it in their hands. It is the earnest and the unsmiling, like Richard Nixon, who let power puff itself up, swell like an evil toad, and do what it should not do.

Henry Wallace might grimace at Roosevelt's ways: "The President is certainly a waterman. He looks one direction and rows the other with the utmost skill." But that was what Roosevelt was there to do: to humanize the exercise of power, at a time when madmen and bullies were strutting the earth. Except perhaps in his exuberant vitality, he was not other than the rest of us; and such humanity becomes an act of imagination, of sympathy with others whose circumstances are different.

A reporter who was opposed to the New Deal once approached a mill worker in North Carolina, to try to find out what "that man" in Washington meant to him. The mill worker did not have to hesitate. "Roosevelt is the only man we ever had in the White House," he said, "who would understand that my boss is a sonofabitch." It is all there: all that ordinary people asked of him, expected of him, saw in him, trusted in him. There is no way of "revising" that estimate of him. Someone once said that Roosevelt's polio was his "log cabin" from which he rose to be President. Certainly there was *some* log cabin from which came his imaginative sympathy for the sufferings of ordinary people.

At a threatening hour in a fearful century, he made the government of free people seem possible and enjoyable: he made it effervesce when everywhere it was flat in spirit. For what is the enjoyment of politics but the enjoyment of the spirit of free men when they are engaged in the most strenuous of their pursuits: the art of self-government in societies whose populations are numbered in tens, and even hundreds, of millions? It was an English medieval political philosopher who once wrote of "*hilaritas libertatis*," which may be freely translated as "the sheer living joy of freedom." This is what one feels in the politicians who enjoy the game of politics, and why one savors the anecdotes about them. And most of the American politicians in this century who have exhibited that spirit have been in the Democratic party.

It has been characteristic of the Democratic party this year that even those who have wished their party to be returned to the White House, and wanted to support Jimmy Carter, have looked for some story about the man that told them that he stayed up late to play poker, or sat up with the boys, or did anything that hinted that he had, as Ickes said of Roosevelt, "the ability to laugh and relax" which "is priceless to him and means a great deal to those who work with him." After all, what was wrong with Nixon was that he was, according to the several accounts which those familiar with him have given us, "happiest when he was alone with a yellow pad," calculating how he could win; always calculating.

The Democratic party has come to enjoy the exercise of power so much in this century that the capacity of many of its leaders to humanize its exercise needs to be stressed. When this capacity is absent, the Democratic party can be an uncertain or a dangerous instrument of power; it can even be both at the same time. With the best of intentions, it can govern unimaginatively and badly; even atrociously.

"It's a great game, thoroughly worth playing," exclaimed Woodrow Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey. But he never really enjoyed the game. While he was governor, says his biographer, Arthur S. Link, he "revealed his temperamental inability to cooperate with men who were not willing to follow his lead completely; he had not lost his habit, long since demonstrated at Princeton, of making his political opponents also his personal enemies, whom he despised and loathed. He had to hold the reins and do the driving alone; it was the only kind of leadership he knew." Much of his difficulty with Henry Cabot Lodge—who was admittedly not the most agreeable of men—arose from his own lack of enjoyment in the game which he thought "thoroughly worth playing;" and again, have there not been intimations of the same temperament this year?

We can read only with discomfort of the stag dinner which Wilson once gave at the Trenton Country Club for the Democratic and Republican leaders of the New Jersey Senate, to strengthen the majority for his program: of the chicken and the waffles, of the quips, of the three-piece band, of Wilson and one of the

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Republicans leading the company in a cakewalk, and of Wilson's own comment afterward that "The rest of the evening was one unbroken romp. . . . The senators are as jolly as boys when they let themselves 'go.'" For this was not Wilson, it was out of character; and the story makes the whole man seem implausible.

His stiffness was more himself—William Allen White said that his handshake was "like a ten-cent pickled mackerel in brown paper. . . . He had a highty-tighty way that repulsed me. When he tried to be pleasant he creaked"—and this stiffness reflected an inflexibility of political will which in the end was disastrous: that inflexibility reinforced by the self-delusion, so often expressed, that he was the voice of the people's will and ultimately, of course, of a will that transcended time and space, and all mortal sense of limit.

Wilson greeted his nomination to be the presidential candidate of his party by saying: "I am a Presbyterian and believe in predestination. . . . It was Providence that did the work at Baltimore," where the convention had been held. Such a man is not ultimately to be trusted with the exercise of great power. Moreover, he made this remark to William McCombs, who had done as much as anyone to engineer his nomination, and who said that he felt a chill run up his spine: "I stood there a complete wreck [from the campaign]. I saw other drawn faces about me. . . . I could not accept Wilson's view of fore-ordination."

One of the strengths of the Democratic party in this century has been its missionary impulse; but it has also been one of its weaknesses. Without that impulse, it would have done less that it has done, which needed to be done; but when that impulse is not corrected by a humanizing enjoyment simply in the game of politics, it can be misleading and even alarming. One is inclined to say that the Democratic party is at its best when it remembers that its symbol is a braying ass.

Hubert Humphrey has written of the kind of levity and banter which characterized the Kennedy administration. "A presidency without that is grim," he says. "Without that, too easily can the man, a voice of the people in a democracy, become emperor, king, prince, or despot." He is right, but the Kennedy administration is hardly the best example which he could choose. The levity in it was only levity, the banter was only banter, and the men who engaged in them, including the President and his brother, were as imperial, as kingly, as princely, in their zeal to govern, earnest in their mission to the world, as any American administration in this century. What one misses in the Kennedy administration is humor, a deprecatory and self-deprecatory saltiness about the sometimes sublime but as often ridiculous business in which politicians are engaged. "Public life and politics are not all serious business," Humphrey says again; but they were "all serious business" in the Kennedy administration.

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The saltiness was there in Sam Rayburn as speaker of the House, and in Alben Barkley as the majority leader in the Senate, in the years of the Democratic party's supremacy in the middle years of this century. Even Henry Wallace could say that Barkley was "a joy for ever;" and Humphrey has said that to Barkley politics was, in the words of John Adams, "the spirit of public happiness." In his office every afternoon, Rayburn held an informal gathering of intimates and some members of Congress. "It's time to strike a blow for liberty," he said as he brought out the liquor, asking with a smile, "Why be stupid and weak when with one drink you can feel smart and strong?" One must smile with him, with the irresistibly disarming manner, with the unaffected and wry admission that the exercise of great power is in the hands of ordinary and fallible men.

Harry Truman was of course an exemplar of this mode. (Truman in the White House, Barkley in the Senate and pulled from it to be Vice President, and Rayburn in the House, together reflected the character of the Democratic party in mid-century in a singular manner, which to some extent accounted for its unexpected victory in 1948.) Truman put up with very little nonsense from the self-important. "Feel free to attack me anytime you think it's going to help you back home in Minnesota," he said to Humphrey in 1952. "If it helps to kick me in the shins, go ahead and do it. It may hurt, but at least I know it's from a friend." It was typical of the man, and one must again say that it is a hint of this kind of character that the Democrats have missed in their candidate this year. When all has been said of the 1948 election, was it not for this kind of character that the American people then voted, when every apparently sensible prediction said that Truman must suffer defeat?

Although not by any means in all ways, Adlai Stevenson was in some ways a rather ordinary man who had some wish to do extraordinary things but a less than ordinary impulse to do them. He said that campaigning for the presidency in 1952 was "a continuous and disquieting menace to equilibrium." It is a nice phrase; one can even sympathize a little with his repulsion, as one could sympathize with it a little in Eugene McCarthy. But in the end one cannot sympathize with a politician who does not like campaigning.

We must even be alert to a kind of hypocrisy. In 1952, Eisenhower watched Stevenson make his acceptance

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speech on television, and he watched intently enough until Stevenson expressed the wish that "this cup might pass" from him. "Right there," Eisenhower was later to say, "I snapped off the TV set and said: 'After hearing that, fellows, I think he's a *bigger* faker than the rest of them'"; and it is hard not to agree with him, especially when we now know from Stevenson's papers that he had to ask for the biblical quotation—which one would have thought was rather well known to a literate man—from Dorothy Fosdick, who sent it to him on June 14, 1952, not intending it for a speech, but only to help him make up his own mind.

Ambition should not be the only motive in a politician, but it must be one. To lack ambition—and so to lack an enjoyment of the game—is to lack any ultimate conviction that one can make a difference, that one's own election, as well as the election of one's party, is desirable and may even be necessary. Walter Mondale saying that he did not want to spend a year in motel rooms while he campaigned for the presidency, and Morris Udall saying that Mondale and not he should have been the liberal standard bearer in the Democratic primaries, were not only ruling themselves out as candidates, but were also in a line of "liberal" aspirants, from Stevenson through McCarthy, who seem to have lost some of the gusto for politics, for the exercise of power, which was the mark of such tireless New Dealers as Ickes. As Truman said of Stevenson, "Getting them into the saddle" is hard work.

They remind one of Roy Campbell's lines about some novelists:

You praise the firm restraint with which they write—
I'm with you there of course:
I see the snaffle and the bit all right—
But where's the bloody horse?

The bloody horse in a politician is his ambition; and of one thing Jimmy Carter cannot be accused this year—a lack of ambition. For that alone, he has deserved to be the candidate of his party, even if one wishes that the bloody horse in him was not quite so bloody.

A lack of ambition means also that the politician is less likely to reach out to find what others think and heed. He will limit his own contact with the people whose support he is soliciting. Speaking in the basement of a veterans' hall in the Midwest in 1952, Stevenson talked of "the disingenuous dissembling of the Eisenhower administration." It is again a nice phrase. One would have liked to use it oneself—but in a letter to an aunt. For there is nothing laudable in such insensitivity to a political audience. On the contrary, it tells us that this is a politician who will not bother with his audience by using a language to which they can respond.

If one were to search for the politician who has most clearly reflected the strengths and the weaknesses of the Democratic party in our own time, one would not go far wrong in picking out Hubert Humphrey. Willing to be pliant on occasion, and yet holding to a core of principle, he is such a mixture of political expedience and unchanging purpose that it is hard to keep him even in one's sights. One does not easily think of Humphrey as a rock on which a church may be built, yet neither is he the kind of ally or friend who shifts in a storm. Somehow he is always exactly, in the end, where one expects him to be, when he is needed, pulling with some strength of his own which will help to carry the day.

Amongst all the constant loyalties of which Humphrey speaks in his remarkable volume of memoirs, *The Education of a Public Man*, is the loyalty to party. Too much praise is given these days to the independent in politics, whether he is a politician or a voter. The independent is usually slack in his principles, even though he may seem to adhere to them most firmly. It is the man who will live with his party who is tested, who must bring what he imagines to be his own conscience into a perpetual negotiation with the consciences of others. Otherwise his conscience is a thing of the air, a mere bubble which will burst when it is even lightly touched. It is primarily in parties that this negotiation of conscience with conscience takes place.

Above all else, the character of the Democratic party in the past half-century has been fixed by its capacity to elicit from its members a passionate and abiding loyalty. It is said that the coalition fashioned by Roosevelt and the New Deal has broken. Let us for the moment be satisfied to say that it has changed. For what is more important than any such coalition of interests is the lively allegiance of so many individuals of such varied casts of mind which the Democratic party has been able to command during the greater part of a century in which it has, in Congress or in the White House, been almost continuously in power. Under such a test, most parties would have broken apart.

This may only be another way of saying that it finds a place for almost everyone who asks to make his home beneath its generous eaves. The presidential candidate of the Socialist party at one election sits today as a Democrat in the House of Representatives. But even this all-sheltering charitableness is remarkable. It has been one of the strengths of the party since the days of Roosevelt, but within it lies the beginning of corruption, a worm eating at the core.

The character of its leaders—the issue which has so dominated Democratic politics this year—is a natural concern of a party which is used to govern. Give us the right leader, and we will do the job, is almost its claim. But what is missing is any clear conception in the Democratic party itself of what it would like its leader to do. It is not Carter who wavers—any more than any other candidate, not least Franklin Roosevelt in 1932—but the party itself.

It is not a coalition of interests for which it should be anxiously looking, but a coalition of ideas that intelligibly coheres. It is to this lack that we must turn.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Holmes and Abroad

The Seven-per-cent Solution (Universal). Laurence Olivier is making money. Who will not be glad of that? He said recently that he wants "to have something in the larder" for his children, and we all know that he has just fought off grave illness, that he has put most of his career into less lucrative, highly important work. So let him have his (unbilled) Polaroid TV commercials. Let him pick up film jobs as he can; and let us hope that he gets a good one once in a while. Lately he has had two, and one of them is very good.

The Seven-per-cent Solution was adapted by Nicholas Meyer from his own successful novel—a clever, imaginative "further adventure" of Sherlock Holmes in which Holmes encounters real-life contemporaries of his, as well as more fictional characters, and in which the "truth" about some of Conan Doyle's characters is revealed at last. The device is seductive because, from Dickie Dare days on, we have all had fantasies about the fictional characters who appeal to us and few characters of third-rate literature are as appealing as Sherlock Holmes.

Olivier is Professor Moriarty—but what a Moriarty! Not the Fritz Langian archfiend. It seems that Moriarty was "really" a wispy old schoolteacher who had once been the tutor of the Holmes boys, Sherlock and Mycroft, and who had unintentionally had a traumatic effect on the psyche of the young Sherlock. (That trauma has, rightly, been heightened in the film, as against the novel.) Because of that boyhood experience the great detective now *imagines* that Moriarty is an archfiend. But as Olivier plays him, with neat quick comic pathos, Moriarty is a man whose chief aim in life is to be indistinguishable from the wallpaper.

The Holmes is Nicol Williamson, and, for this script, he's a fine choice. Williamson doesn't immediately suggest the quality of scalpel mind that John Wood and Fritz Weaver had in various theater productions, but he's keen enough and he's especially apt for the neurotic, drug-addicted Holmes of this story. The title refers to the strength of the cocaine that Holmes uses (besides being a play on words), and the plot grows out of the fact that the faithful Dr. Watson tricks Holmes into having his addiction treated by Sigmund Freud in Vienna. The trip embroils Holmes in some wild adventures and—delightfully—embroils Dr. F. as well. (My favorite line comes in the midst of detection when the irate Holmes says to Freud: "You *see*, Dr. Freud, but you don't *observe*.")

The wildness includes the chase of a *femme du monde*, Vanessa Redgrave, and a villainous Austrian nobleman, Jeremy Kemp. There is a sequence in which Holmes undergoes drug-withdrawal in that famous Berggasse apartment of Freud's, and the film ends on a Danube steamer with, thanks to Freud's treatment, a romance in prospect for the previously celibate Holmes.

Williamson, strong, serrating, impatient, carries his eccentric role with flash. As for Vanessa Redgrave, if there is a better English-speaking actress than she is, with a lovelier voice and face, I don't have the luck to know her. The happy surprise of the film is Alan Arkin as Freud. I've had some dismal doubts about his acting, but here he ladles the part to the brim with a rich Viennese gravy of dignity and poise, even in the cab of a speeding locomotive. I never

(continued on page 45)

Films Worth Seeing

The Clockmaker. From Simenon. Deeply textured, if politically glib, French drama about the father of a murderer and the detective in charge of the case.

Cousin, Cousine. French fantasy posing as realistic comedy about two 30-ish people having an affair. Highly enjoyable, utterly incredible.

The Memory of Justice. Another very long, very intelligent film essay by the author of *The Sorrow and the Pity*. This one, based on the Nuremberg trials, is not as completely realized as *Sorrow*—still a rare treat for the eye and mind.

Silent Movie. When you can't hear Mel Brooks, he has some charm. His best film, fairly filled with fun.

SK

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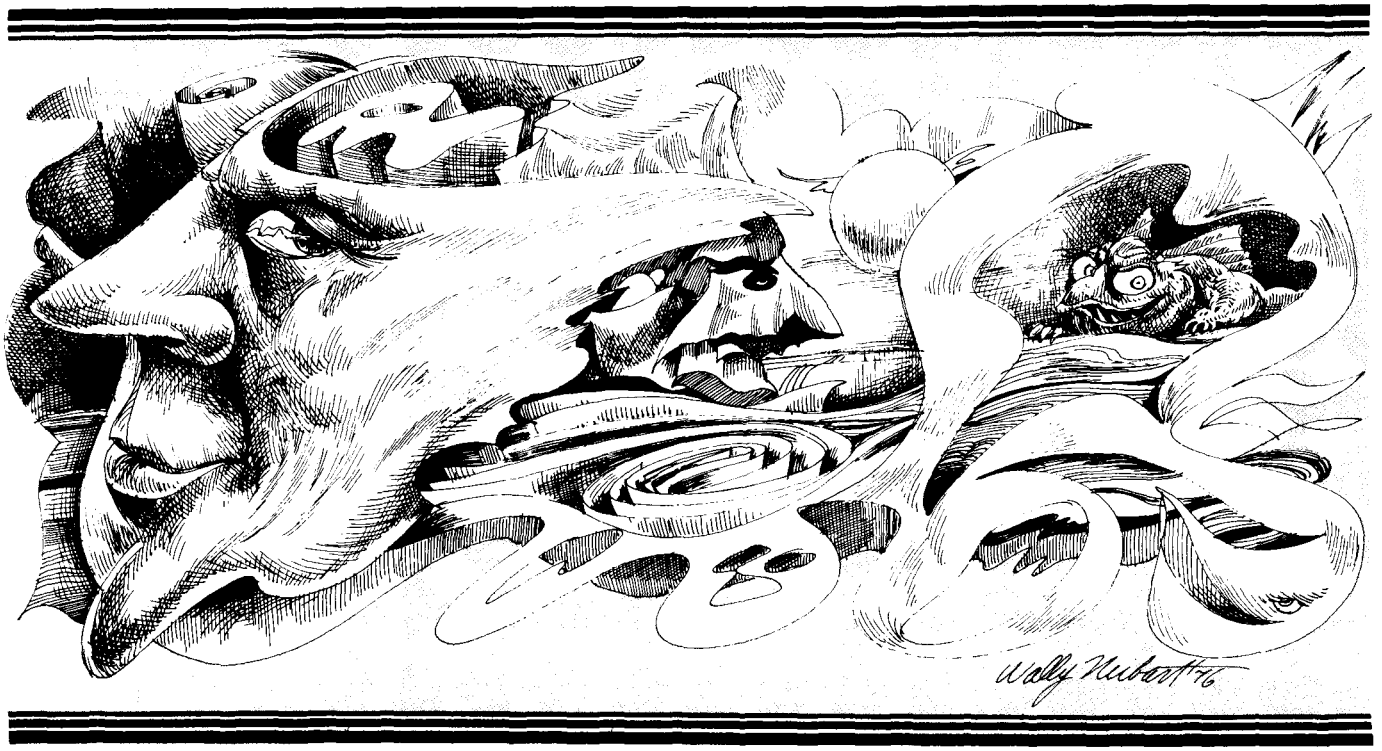

A FUTURE ISSUE

What is Science Fiction Anyhow?

A few years ago the British science-fiction magazine *New Worlds* published a short story called "The Heat Death of the Universe" which has since become something of a minor classic. "The Heat Death of the Universe"—the title invokes expectations of cosmic cataclysm of a sort familiar in science fiction. Visions of stars, star systems, even whole galaxies exploding in an apocalyptic firestorm leap to mind and await activation in the text itself. But Pamela Zoline's story—so far as I know she has published no other fiction—merely narrates the difficulties of a California housewife's day, counterpointing descriptions of Sarah Boyle serving breakfast, washing diapers, watering plants, and shopping for a birthday party with an exposition of the second law of thermodynamics and the principle of entropy. The cosmic heat death of the title—if the universe is a closed system it must be moving toward a state in which eventually no energy will be available—becomes a metaphor for the condition of Sarah Boyle's life, and when this has been established the story stops. An interesting piece of fiction, and one that clearly gains resonance and impact by having been published in a context of science-fictional expectations. But is it science fiction?

"The Heat Death of the Universe" raises once again, and in a particularly provocative manner, a problem that seems to bedevil everyone who thinks seriously about science fiction. What is science fiction anyhow? Discussions of the genre always seem to begin with definitions. How is science fiction to be distinguished from fantasy? Is *Gulliver's Travels* science fiction? (Remember the flying island of Laputa, steered with a maneuverable magnet.) Is *Frankenstein* an early robot story? Definition is not, I believe, a problem in the case of detective fiction, which many would consider an analogous genre. Why do proponents of science fiction feel compelled to struggle with definitions while murder mystery buffs can confidently assume that everyone will understand the kind of literature they are talking about?

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One factor may be strategic. Discussions of science fiction normally operate on the assumption that the genre is in need of defense against a hostile population of non-fans, and in this sort of campaign a carefully designed definition can be a useful device. Notice, for example, the elements of propaganda implicit in Robert A. Heinlein's definition, one that does not, by the bye, cover a good deal of his own best writing. Science fiction, he maintains, is "realistic speculation about possible future events, based solidly on adequate knowledge of the real world, past and present, and on a thorough understanding of the nature and significance of the scientific method." "Realistic," "solidly," "a thorough understanding"—this is hardly a neutral description of a genre. Or consider Darko Suvin's rhetorical strategy when in a brilliant essay directed at a purely academic audience, he argues for a definition of science fiction as "the literature of cognitive estrangement."

Strategic considerations alone do not, however, really explain why discussions of science fiction so often hinge upon definitions; there are intrinsic factors as well. Most popular literature is formulaic; science fiction is not, at least not in the same way. The crime, the perpetrator, the investigator: the plot formula of detective fiction is capable of marvelous variation but it is always recognizable as the constant factor of the form. There is no comparable formula to which one can readily point as characteristic of science fiction as a whole. Rather, there is a fairly large vocabulary of simultaneously available formulas from which a science-fiction writer can choose, a situation comparable to that of, say, the English popular drama in Shakespeare's day. The alien encounter story (the alien may be malevolent, benevolent, or neither); the time travel story; the fable of the questing scientist, mad or otherwise; the dystopian satire; the post-apocalypse story; the evolutionary fable—each of these is a recognizable science-fictional category with its own formulaic characteristics, and there are many other categories as well. Western stories, too, employ a variety of plots, but westerns are readily definable in terms of the symbolic landscape, the peripheral region midway between civilization and wilderness, in which the action is always set. The settings of science-fiction stories of course differ greatly according to the category employed. They may be as commonplace as contemporary New York or as exotic as the vicinity of a neutron star.

The label "western" is a clue to the constant characteristic of the genre. What, then, about the "science" part of this category's double-barreled name? Many science-fiction stories are indeed concerned with science, are either extrapolative in the manner of, say, Arthur Clarke's recent *Imperial Earth*, or employ a fiction to comment upon some aspect of science or technology as, for example, H. G. Wells' *Island of Dr. Moreau* does. But, although science fiction as a literary phenomenon is clearly the product of the scientific age, not all science fiction stories are concerned, even peripherally, with science or pseudo-science. (Among other things, one thinks of such special categories of science fiction as the "alternate universe" stories, a category that includes, for example, Philip K. Dick's *The Man in the High Castle* or Ward Moore's *Bring the Jubilee* in which it is assumed that the South won the Civil War.) And many accepted classics in the field such as Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* would be considered pure fantasy if they did not employ interplanetary settings and other traditionally science-fictional elements.

If there is a single constant factor in science fiction—and even this factor will not hold if, for example, "The Heat Death of the Universe" is admitted to the genre—it is that science-fiction stories either portray a world that is in some respect different from our own, as, for example, in stories set in the future or on other planets, or, alternatively, describe the impact of some strange element upon our world, as in alien invasion stories or evolutionary fables. Thus it is that from the beginning science fiction has, at least in principle, been devoted to challenging common assumptions about the order of things by reminding us that the universe is large and that the future may be very different from what we expect. Precisely because of the nature of its concerns, science fiction, even though it is in large part a popular style, has never developed a single formula in quite the same fashion as the murder mystery, the western, or the gothic, and, consequently, of all the popular genres science fiction is perhaps the most problematic.

How, then, is one to deal with such questions as where to draw the line between science fiction and fantasy—are the alternate universe stories "really" fantasy?—or whether "The Heat Death of the Universe" is to be considered science fiction? Perhaps instead of thinking of science fiction as a thing, a kind of object to be described, it is more useful to think of as a tradition of writing, a developing complex of themes, concerns and fictional strategies which, taken together, constitute a general set of expectations on the part of both writers and readers. Science fiction has a history, but does it have an essence?

Approaching science fiction in this manner, we can speak of the genre's birth as an event of the late 19th century in which, somewhat as cosmic dust clouds coalesce to form systems of gravitationally interrelated stars, various kinds of literary materials coalesced into a recognizable genre in the work, particularly, of H.G. Wells. The primordial materials of the new genre—utopian fables, fabulous voyages such as *Gulliver's Travels*, gothic romances such as *Frankenstein*—were of course available well before the birth of science fiction proper. But it was only as a consequence of the impact of Wells, and to a lesser degree Jules Verne, that a clear sense of generic expectations was established, so that it became possible for later writers such as, say, W. Olaf Stapledon to think of themselves as writing in the tradition of the Wellsian scientific romance. Naturally, the genre complex has changed in time, for each new writer of significance—a Heinlein, a Bradbury, an Ursula K. Le Guin—has coerced it to his own purposes and thus affected the collective horizon of expectations. Moreover, to continue my astronomical metaphor, as the category has developed into an increasingly powerful literary center of gravitation it has attracted to itself such proximate material as the alternate universe fantasy or the prehistoric narrative—William Golding's *The Inheritors*, for

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example—so that these fictional types have become in practice part of the genre complex even though a prescriptive definition of science fiction would probably have to exclude them.

The advantage of a historical rather than a prescriptive approach to science fiction is that it allows us to understand the literary logic of the genre as it has developed in time. Instead of debating whether, say, C. S. Lewis' *Out of the Silent Planet* is properly science fiction—among other things Lewis, like Bradbury a decade or so later, put canals on Mars even though he knew that they did not exist—this approach allows us to focus on the manner in which Lewis achieves his effects precisely by manipulating the expectations established by Wellsian science fiction. Books beget books, and Lewis has in turn provided an enabling context for such novels as James Blish's *A Case of Conscience*, which can be read as a comment upon Lewis even as Lewis can be read as a comment upon Wells. Looked at from this point of view, a handy definition of science fiction is plainly neither possible nor desirable, and the question of whether "The Heat Death of the Universe" is science fiction is finally as much beside the point as the question of whether Marcel Duchamp's famous signed shovel is art.

Mark Rose

Mark Rose, professor of English at the University of Illinois, has recently edited *Science Fiction: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Prentice-Hall).

Science Fiction as Prophesy

Philip K. Dick

A certain fanfare—the flair for self-announcement, the solemn posture assumed at the right moment, the keynote struck loudly to attract reviewers' attention—can win a genuinely original artist the readership his work deserves. Philip K. Dick comes on without fanfare. All his novels are published as science fiction, which limits their "packaging" to purple-monster jackets, ensures but restricts their sales, and, above all, prevents their being noticed by most serious critics or reviewers. His prose is austere, sometimes hasty, always straightforward, with no Nabokovian fiddlefaddle. His characters are ordinary—extraordinarily ordinary—the inept small-businessman, the ambitious organization girl, the minor craftsman or repairman, etc. That some of them have odd talents such as precognition makes no difference, since they inhabit a world where precognition is common; they're just ordinary neurotic precognitive slobs. His humor is dry and zany. You can't quote funny bits from Dick, because you have to have read the whole book up to that point to know why it's so funny when the taxicab gravely assures Barney, "I think you're doing the right thing." Taxicabs often talk, in Dick's novels; they are usually earnest, but mistaken. Finally, his inventive, intricate plots move on so easily and entertainingly that the reader, guided without effort through the maze, may put the book down believing that he's read a clever sci-fi thriller and nothing more. The fact that what Dick is entertaining us about is reality and madness, time and death, sin and salvation—this has escaped most readers and critics. Nobody notices; nobody notices that we have our own homegrown Borges, and have had him for 30 years.

I think I'm the first to bring up Borges, but Dick has once or twice been compared with Kafka. One cannot take that very far, for Dick is not an absurdist. His moral vocabulary is Christian, though never explicitly so. The last word is not despair. Well as he knows the world of the schizophrenic, the paranoid, even the autistic, his work is not (as Kafka's was) autistic, because there are other people in it; and other people are not (as they are to Sartre) Hell, but salvation.

Always, in his middle level of the human, a man risked the sinking. And yet the possibility of ascent lay before him; any aspect or sequence of reality

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could become either, *at any instant. Hell and heaven, not after death but now! Depression, all mental illness, was the sinking. And the other . . . how was it achieved?*

Through empathy. Grasping another, not from outside, but from the inner. (The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch)

So Mr. Tagomi, the shrewd capitalist-Taoist businessman in Japanese-occupied San Francisco (in *The Man in the High Castle*), when put to the test, sacrifices himself by refusing an act which would harm another man though not himself. He sees evil and, nervously and unhappily, he says No to it. His gesture is modest, its results are uncertain, and his personal reward for virtue is a heart attack. There are no heroics in Dick's books, but there are heroes. One is reminded of Dickens: what counts is the honesty, constancy, kindness and patience of ordinary people. The flashier qualities such as courage are merely contributory to that dull solid goodness in which—alone—lies the hope of deliverance from evil.

Dickens addicts all know that one forgets which novel the unforgettable character turns up in. Sarah Gamp, now, is she in *Copperfield? Rudge?* For all their strong plots and distinct moods, the books coalesce in memory into one huge Dickens Novel, or Dickens Universe. The same is true of Dick's books; because he, like Dickens, keeps a direct line open to the unconscious, it is the powerful personal psychic imprint that dominates in retrospect. Further, his novels are linked by obsessively recurring motifs and details, each of which is itself a key or cue to the nature of reality in the Dick Universe. A disc-jockey circling a planet in a satellite, bringing reassurance to distressed folk on the surface; the android, the person who is (or is schizophrenically perceived to be) a maze of circuitry; the Wonder Drug or process which alters reality, usually toward a shift or overlap of time-planes; precognition; entropy, decay, the tombworld; the subworld (often a Barbie Doll-type toy): all these themes, and others, interconnect, one or another dominating each book, each implying the others. In the earlier and some recent books, the compulsiveness of the themes is evident, threatening the artist's control. The earlier books, of which *Maze of Death* and *Time Out of Joint* are good examples, suffer somewhat from the tension of overcontrol; and from *Ubik* through *Flow My Tears* a gap has been growing between the expression of rational opinion or belief and the intractable, overwhelming witness of the irrational psyche. When in full control of his dangerous material, Dick has written at least five books which walk the high wire with grace from end to end: *The Man in the High Castle, Dr. Bloodmoney, Martian Time-Slip, Clans of the Alphane Moon* and the extremely funny *Galactic Pot-Healer.*

The task of a writer who writes about madness from within is an appalling one. The risk Virginia Woolf took in writing Septimus in *Mrs. Dalloway* is the risk Philip Dick took in writing Manfred in *Martian Time-Slip.* The price paid is a price no artist, nobody, can be expected to pay; the prize won is invaluable. These are genuine reports from the other side, controlled by the intelligence and skill of an experienced novelist, and illuminated by compassion.

It is the stopping of time. The end of experience, of anything new. Once the person becomes psychotic, nothing ever happens to him again. (Martian Time-Slip)

So the schizoid Jack Bohlen understands the schizophrenic boy Manfred; so we, experiencing the terrifying imagery of the book, also come to understand. And therefore Dick can compress all the shock and splendor of salvation into a few characteristically offhand sentences, and three plain words:

One of the Bleekman females shyly offered him a cigarette from those she carried. Thanking her, he accepted it. They continued on.

And as they moved along, Manfred Steiner felt something strange happening inside him. He was changing.

The shy offer of a cigarette is a thoroughly Dickian gesture of salvation. Nobody ever saves the Galactic Empire from the Tentacled Andromedans. Something has indeed been saved, but only a human soul. We are about as far from the panoply of space opera as we can get. And yet Dick is a science fiction writer—not borrowing the trappings to deck out old nonsense with shiny chromium fittings, but using the new metaphors *because he needs them;* using them with power and beauty, because they are the language appropriate to what he wants to say, to us, about ourselves. Dick is no escapist, and no "futurist." He is a prophet, yes, but in the I Ching sense, in the sense in which poets are prophets: not because he plays foretelling games with Rand, or extrapolates the next technological gimmick, but because his moral vision is desperately clear, and because his art is adequate to express that vision.

But you know what prophets don't get in their own country.

Ursula K. Le Guin

Ursula K. Le Guin's most recent book is *Orsinian Tales* (Harper & Row).

Science Fiction as Politics

Larry Niven

A case could be made for the proposition that the deepest subject of Science Fiction is not the vision of other worlds it purports to offer us, but rather the demonstration of our own incapacity to imagine such worlds in the first place. It is a failure of imagination that begins, of course, on the physical level, with the appearance of the individual aliens themselves. Locke observes somewhere

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that, all ideas ultimately deriving from empirical experience, the wildest chimera invented by the human mind can ultimately always be resolved back into the bits and pieces, the basic building blocks, of all-too-familiar earthly realities. So, fatally, the best aliens Sci-fi has to offer—from Stanley Weinbaum all the way to Larry Niven—turn out to be misspellings of more familiar creatures like bugs and os-

triches, giant cats, frogs or turtles, or, as in the case of Niven's recent collaboration with Jerry Pournelle, *The Mote in God's Eye*, furry monkey-like beings with an arm in the wrong place.

What has changed since the golden age of the Bug-Eyed-Monster is not the anatomy of the alien, but rather the nature of our interest as readers in him. It could scarcely be otherwise, given the immense transformation of the social world of the public since the 1930s, and the transformation of that public's values from the ideal of individual heroism to those better suited to a bureaucratic environment openly dominated by a few multinational corporations. Thus readers who have developed a taste for non-fiction and documentary, who are increasingly curious about the organizational structure of war, or exploration, or scientific experiment, will necessarily expect different satisfactions from the writers of Sci-fi as well. So it is that the best of recent Sci-fi—*The Mote*, Arthur C. Clarke's *Rendez-vous with Rama*, Stanislaw Lem's *Eden* or *The Invincible*—focus our attention on the procedures by which we explore an unfamiliar planet and make contact with its inhabitants, seek to interest us in the technical difficulties inherent in such an expedition, rather than in the monetary thrill of their first "flesh-and-blood" appearance.

Sci-fi today may be said to have shifted its emphasis from the nature of the individual alien to that of alien culture; hence the disappearance of the monster as a staple (particularly of the Sci-fi films of the 1950s). The monster—blob, living brain, vegetable pod, slimy mass and the like—is by definition an aberration, biological cell-tissue gone wild; but a member of a determinate species, one which knows an organized social structure, can no longer be considered a monster, no matter how repugnant its appearance. Asimov once suggested that the history of Sci-fi could be read in terms of a development from an initial period of adventure and space opera, through the classical ("golden age") science-and-technology stage, to a mature sociological one, which is with us today, and to which we owe works like those of Ursula Le Guin. Not only does this make life more difficult for the Sci-fi writer, however—it's a lot harder to invent imaginary cultures and imaginary social structures than to produce a bug-eyed monster—it also raises the stakes of Sci-fi as a form, and lends the dictum of Locke new and unforeseen consequences. The inability to imagine new senses, multiple dimensions, new colors or organs—what we may call the perceptual function of Sci-fi—is a good deal less serious a matter, perhaps, than its Utopian function, its capacity or incapacity to imagine other forms of collective living.

The official line of the Sci-fi industry is that the reason for being of the genre lies in its power to anticipate the future, to supply us with fresh paradigms, to provide something like survival training in an ever-accelerating rate of social and technological change. It would be surprising if this were so, however, in a society like that of the US today, in which, as Marcuse and so many others have pointed out, the Utopian imagination itself, that very capability of drafting and projecting alternate ways of life from which the political visions of the past drew their power, has virtually atrophied within the windless closure of an increasingly total system. But if the alien worlds of science fiction fail to embody any genuinely future history or social difference, then it must be supposed that they reflect back stages and forms already known to us, in coded fashion, without our clearly realizing it.

Even more clearly than *The Mote in God's Eye*, Niven's earlier work gives a striking illustration of this process. A "future history" cycle (on the order of Asimov's *Foundation* or Miller's *Canticle for Leibowitz*, Heinlein's "Past Through Tomorrow" series, or more recently Le Guin's Hainish cycle), it presents the peculiarity of a radical break in the middle; and the ancient empire of the thrints, a race of feudal overlords who committed galactic suicide in the face of a successful slave uprising, is separated by millions of years from the emergence of humanity, whose near future Niven sees in the more conventional terms of a galaxy-wide colonization. This near future scheme then allows for the double standard of a dystopian earth—with its organ banks and the new legal system generated by them, in which the mildest crimes, such as jaywalking, serve as judicial pretexts for separating the individual from a stock of valuable transplants—side by side with the rugged individualism of a space-age mining and prospecting frontier in the meteorites that ring the outer part of our Solar System (the "Belt").

Niven's first novel, the intelligent and ingeniously plotted *World of Ptavvs*, gives us the clue to the realities behind this imaginary cycle, while ostensibly

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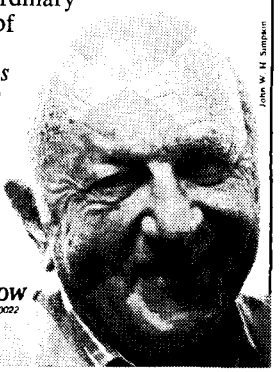

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telling the tale of a "full-grown thrint," who, surviving the destruction of his own world by billions of years in a stasis field, is outwitted in his attempt to take over ours by an orthodox Jewish telepath with an affinity for dolphins and an inclination to practical jokes.

The mode of being of the thrint—a union of personal authority and presence with sheer physical domination—makes it clear that his collision with Greenberg is also a contact with a type of power unfamiliar in the financial and bureaucratic organization of present-day capitalism. It does not seem terribly far-fetched to suppose that the image of the thrint incorporates faint echoes of the feudal predecessor of our own historical world. That earth's bourgeoisie, in its heroic age—the boqrgeoisie of the Protestant Ethic, the Reign of Terror and the British Empire—was able to meet and vanquish feudalism on its own ground is a historical fact; that bourgeoisie, however, is now a thing of the past. The anxiety that haunts Niven's little fable would seem to attach to ourselves and our own capacities, to the credit-card suburban bourgeoisie of the consumer society, with its foundation-grant intelligentsia; if so, the novel provides a reassuringly positive forecast as to the outcome of a head-on clash between a bourgeoisie of organization men and a full-grown thrint. Niven's first book thus offers a playful variant on the by-now-familiar Ardrey anxiety-fantasy: have we gone soft in the age of the welfare state? Are we still men enough to meet the enemy (thrints, Dickey's hillbillies in *Deliverance*, urban muggers or peasant guerrillas) on their own terrain and with their own weapons? The difference between Niven's strategy and the radical right Minute-Man or *Deliverance*-type answer to this question lies in the relative efficiency of practical jokes versus push-ups (Niven's hero ultimately concludes that thrints are stupid); but the question remains the same in both cases and it is the question itself which is first and foremost ideological.

Ideology becomes a good deal more insistent and visible in the later part of Niven's cycle, as in *The Mote* itself. The spaceship of *Ptavvs* was named the *Heinlein*, that of *The Mote in God's Eye* the *MacArthur*; and it is doubtless "no accident" that Heinlein should himself have endorsed *The Mote* (see dustjacket) as "possibly the finest science fiction novel I have ever read." Not, I hasten to assure the reader, that these books have anything in common stylistically with the interminable and self-indulgent 100-percent talk novels of Heinlein's later period. The older writer is something like the John Ford of Sci-fi, his conservatism that of a right-wing New Deal Cold War orthodoxy, something like a Jackson politics, one would think. The sassiness of the Niven/Pournelle *Weltanschauung* sounds more like William F. Buckley, a mixture of wit and provocation the force of which depends mainly on the fact that for so many long years of liberal orthodoxy you "weren't supposed to say things like that."

Still, ideology is mainly the exercise of fantasies about a particular and privileged way of life that has a special symbolic meaning for the subject: the ideological fantasy that Niven shares with Heinlein is clearly that of the all-male locker and club-room existence, the Navy hierarchy, the war-time *esprit de corps* and commando unit solidarity (to which, from time to time, at least in Heinlein, a gal who is a good sport may also be admitted). One of the chief innovations of the Niven/Pournelle *Mote* is indeed that the space ship is here for a change considered to be a Navy vessel rather than something connected to the air force, and thus provides admirals, cutters, the bridge and the watch, regulations, and everything else needful for the proper satisfaction of a Navy mystique. The other, non-Heinlein component of Niven's ideology—a glamorization of the romance of business, of the sudden strikes of lonely prospectors on distant meteorites, of the encounters and adventures of intergalactic merchants among exotic species—is in many ways fresher and more original, but relatively absent from *The Mote*.

The latter novel marks a considerable evolution from the social and historical elements that power the comic space opera of *Ptavvs*. True, mote society is characterized as an "industrial feudalism"; yet the emphasis here is no longer on the self-reliance of the individual knight, but has been displaced onto the hierarchical features of the feudal system as a whole, here embodied in the biological castes of a function-differentiated species (the moties have engineers or workers, mediators or intellectuals, leaders or nobles, and even, as it turns out, a few other specialties as well). Their technology is more advanced than our own, yet paradoxically it is of a handicraft or artisan type: thus, if industrial capitalism is dominated, as Jean

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Baudrillard has suggested, by the *simulacrum* (all of these mass-produced products in our object world rigorously identical to each other), the motie life-world comes as something of a shock, being in constant and bewildering flux, the places, vehicles, furniture built by hand ad hoc for specific occasions and then at once dismantled only to be reconstructed into something unrecognizable. Here once again we glimpse the perceptual vocation of Sci-fi, encouraging an imaginative speculation about the nature of experience and in particular of temporality and memory, in a henceforth unstable spatial element from which all fixed coordinates have disappeared.

Motie civilization has, however, a ghastly secret (we will try not to give it away), whose discovery is at one with the political plot proper. For *The Mote in God's Eye* can also be read as something like foreign policy Sci-fi, insofar as it raises the basic policy issue: is peaceful coexistence with the Mote desirable or even possible, and at what cost? At this point we can more fully assess the consequences of that shift in emphasis already mentioned from the dramatization of the individual Bug-Eyed Monster (as in *Ptavvs*) to an interest in the very nature and organization of alien culture. The individual monster can stand as sheer evil, inexplicable aggressivity, a will to power ("taking over the world") that needs no further justification; but the minute you begin to describe the functioning of an entire society, you need (or else you apply without being aware of it) a whole philosophy of history: for any narrative about social change—whether it deals in the fact of historiography or journalism, or in the fiction of, say, galactic empires—necessarily presupposes a set of more general propositions as to the way change comes about and the dynamics of history in general. The splendid variety of hypothetical cultures and their exploration in recent SF—the alien Buchenwald of Lem's *Eden*, the cosmic detective story of John Brunner's *Total Eclipse*, even the unanswered enigma of Clarke's *Rama*—should not obscure the poverty of their historical presuppositions and the conceptqal limits in which all are imprisoned. The explanatory machinery of SF ranges from notions of spiritual failure of one kind or another, or the even more comfortable hypothesis that history happens by cosmic accident or merely by chance (*i.e.*, the empiricist claim that no philosophy of history is possible), all the way to conceptions of the preponderant influence of individual free will and great men, of bureaucracy, of political power or totalitarianism and the more recent ecological or biological theories implied by apocalyptic images of overpopulation, pollution and the like. Yet insofar as a given theory of history diverts us from the causal relationship between the squalor of contemporary society and the irreversible dynamic of capitalism as a system, to precisely that degree it is ideological and a mystification.

The fate of alien society as it is depicted in *The Mote in God's Eye* is certainly no exception to such a trend: if anything, makes such underlying social and historical assumptions inescapable by developing their political implications in an open and explicit way. This is, indeed, a new Cold War literature, differing from the older kind in that we need no longer see the enemy in terms of individual malevolence (as blob or monster), a strategy which increasing press exposure to the Russians and the Chinese has in any case rendered ludicrous and anachronistic. *The Mote* rather sets out to demonstrate that in spite of the possible good will of individual moties, the danger lies in their system itself, in a way that it is quite beyond the power of individuals to remedy. The novel thus seeks quite consciously, by providing a more "objective" account of the red menace, to lend the hard line against coexistence renewed intellectual respectability. Now it is no longer Big Brother's "lust for power" that threatens us, but rather the seemingly more realistic prospect of a submergence of our own society beneath the unchecked proliferation of creatures as alien and objectively hostile to it as are the beings on the Mote. The anxiety no longer focuses on the Soviet Union or the other relatively well-behaved countries of the Socialist bloc, but upon the specter of a Third World in the imminent throes of famine, overpopulation and revolutionary unrest—disquieting masses milling about outside the barbed wire that protects the glittering shops and condominiums, the Century-City-type malls and luxury restaurants of some not-so-future Fortress America. The Niven/Pournelle solution is of course to bottle the moties up inside their own solar system; and the concluding description of a fleet of intergalactic destroyers poised to blast the mote ships as they materialize

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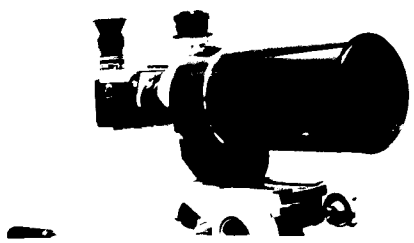

within the transit points of our own deep space offers a more vivid image of containment than anything proposed by a Kennan or a Dulles. Yet the usefulness of *The Mote in God's Eye* as propaganda is surely outweighed by its value as a symptom: its authors, after all, have remained faithful to the deepest vocation of science fiction, namely, to articulate those buried fantasies by which a collectivity seeks to come to terms with its own future and its Utopian—or dystopian—possibilities.

Fredric Jameson

Fredric Jameson, professor of French at Yale, is author of *Marxism and Form* and *The Prison-House of Language* (Princeton Univ. Press), and is a frequent contributor to *Science-Fiction Studies*.

Science Fiction as Conscience

John Brunner and Ursula K. Le Guin

For the past century-and-a-half—since Mary Shelley wrote *Frankenstein*—writers of science fiction have been trying to create a modern conscience for the human race. Creating a "conscience for the race" was the high task which James Joyce set for himself and for his fictional counterpart Stephen Dedalus, and it may seem strange to apply that lofty phrase to a branch of literature that has often been regarded as humble if not pernicious. But the application is not only literal; it is exact.

Joyce felt that he and his people had served two masters—the King of England and the Pope of Rome—for so long that they had lost their consciences and needed to rediscover how to take moral responsibility for their own lives and actions. In two areas, the political and theological, they had obeyed without thinking for too long. But the need for a modern conscience transcends national boundaries. All over the world, ancient modes of thought about the human situation have persisted with stunning inertia. Even in the United States, political platforms are still encumbered with medieval ideas supported by the same Holy Office against which Joyce rebelled.

But surely the task which several centuries of scientific progress have forced upon us is that of founding a new morality and a new politics upon our new knowledge of the cosmos and the human situation in it. It is my contention that the writers of science fiction have attempted precisely that. Not all of them, to be sure, nor even most of them. Much of science fiction has been mere adventure or timeless romance in futuristic costume—mere star dreck. And some, though ethically concerned, have advocated traditional or even reactionary viewpoints. Ayn Rand has her disciples among science fiction writers as well as in the halls of government. But still, a significant amount of science fiction has been profoundly thoughtful about the situation of contemporary humanity in the light of its possible futures and its imaginable alternatives. In recent years, no writers inside the field of science fiction or outside of it have done more to create a modern conscience than John Brunner and Ursula K. Le Guin.

Both Brunner and Le Guin are in their middle 40s. They both write in a variety of forms, including verse. Brunner is British but writes mainly about America in his best work. Le Guin is a Californian (presently an Oregonian), and the "K" in her name reminds us that her father was A. L. Kroeber—that in fact both her parents were anthropologists of note. Presently, Brunner and Le Guin are among the best known and most honored writers of science fiction. Both have won the Hugo Award, which is at least as good a guide to literary quality as the Pulitzer Prize. And both have come into prominence in the last decade.

John Brunner's best work is related to the tradition of literary naturalism. His fictions offer projections into the relatively near future—a few decades—of trends that are clearly detectable in the present. He works with large canvasses, building worlds out of many individual lives. He himself has expressed his indebtedness to John Dos Passos for his naturalistic blend of

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fiction and documents from the communications media, but he has altered the technique of Dos Passos in several crucial ways. First, by attempting to "document" the future he has set himself a task which is more demanding and more interesting than documenting the present. Put simply, documenting the future requires imagination as well as some skill at social science.

But even more important, a naturalism of the future radically alters the deterministic quality that makes literary naturalism so oppressive and even unesthetic. Brunner gives us a fictional world in which the lives of characters are limited or destroyed by cultural decisions enacted before their time. This world is highly deterministic. But the fictional world which is so oppressive is emphatically not our own world. We are in fact presently making the cultural decisions which will either bring into being the dreadful world of Brunner's fiction or prevent these horrors from being visited upon us. As Brunner puts it, his books are intended as signs reading DO NOT GO THIS WAY. Thus he replaces the numb inertia and helpless pity required of readers by traditional naturalistic texts with a direct appeal to the conscience of the reader. This is most concretely realized in his last novel, *The Shockwave Rider* (1975), which ends with a ballot upon which the reader is invited to mark his or her choice for the culture.

In *The Shockwave Rider* the fictional world is thus left open for salvation. But in Brunner's greatest and most sombre novel, *The Sheep Look Up* (1972), there is no such choice for his fictional characters. Still, the choice for the reader is presented with stunning power. The title echoes lines from Milton's "Lycidas" about the abuse of power and the spread of moral poison, starvation and pollution. The novel is about these things also, but it is literally about the spread of physical poison, pollutants, after which an irreversible Brunner's extrapolation from already documented abuses of the environment to future extensions of this and the results from it has the inevitability of a massive natural phenomenon, like a flood or forest fire. It is impossible to say of this book that fact ends here and fiction begins there. Every day headlines turn Brunner's fictions into fact, and the nightmare comes closer. And Brunner's novel teaches better than anything else in print what may happen if we pass certain points in the spread of pollutants, after which an irreversible process will set in. It is a beautifully made and horrifying vision, in its all too plausible solidity. One can only hope that candidates for political office in this country or their advisers will read this book. Preachings of disaster by the Club of Rome or the Sierra Club can never convey with the same imaginative power what such clearly articulated fiction can convey—what it will be like to live in the world we seem to be allowing to come into being at the present time. Brunner paints a picture of the future, clear as Brueghel or Bosch, along with that little sign: DO NOT GO THIS WAY.

Ursula K. Le Guin works in a very different manner. Her fiction is closer to fantasy than naturalism, but it is just as grounded in ethical concerns as Brunner's work, despite its apparent distance from present actualities. Though some would argue that her political novel, *The Dispossessed* (1974), is her best work, and others might favor her ecological romance, *The Word for World is Forest* (1972, 1976), or her young people's fantasy, *A Wizard of Earthsea* (1968), today's critical consensus is still that her best single work is *The Left Hand of Darkness* (1969).

In *The Left Hand of Darkness* Le Guin moves far from our world in time and space, to give us a planet where life has evolved on different lines from our own. This world, which happens to be in a period of high glaciation, has evolved political institutions in two adjoining countries that resemble feudalism on the one hand, and bureaucracy on the other. But the most important difference between this world and our own is that its human inhabitants are different from us in their physical sexuality. All beings on the planet Gethen have both male and female sexual organs. In a periodic cycle like estrus in animals, Gethenians become sexually aroused—but only one set of sexual organs is activated at this time. These people are potentially hermaphroditic. Most of the time they are neuter, but then they may briefly become a man or a woman, and in that time beget a child or conceive one. Thus the same person may experience both fatherhood and motherhood at different times. There is no privileged sex, exempt from child-bearing and child-rearing. This difference has many ramifications in political and social structure, and in personal behavior—far too many to attempt a discussion of them here. But the major effect of Le Guin's imagining such a fictional world is to force us to

examine how sexual stereotyping dominates actual human concepts of personality and influences all human relationships. "What," one of her characters from a "normal" planet asks, "is the first question we ask about a new-born baby?" What indeed? We all know the answer. The real question, of course, is "Why?" Why must we know of any new person what their sex is before we can begin to relate to them? The answer to this involves our realization of how deeply our culture is coded along sexual lines, how much must be undone if a person is to be judged as a person—even in the eyes of the law, which has never kept its blindfold tight enough to ignore the sex of those who appear before it.

Ursula Le Guin has been attacked by radical feminists for not going far enough, for using male protagonists, as she does even in *The Left Hand of Darkness*, and for putting other issues, both political and environmental, ahead of feminism. In fact, it is probably wrong to think of her as a feminist. But I know of no single book likely to raise consciences about sexism more thoroughly and convincingly than this one. And that this is done gently, in a book which manages also to be a fine tale of adventure and a tender story of love and friendship, makes the achievement all the more remarkable. There are few writers in the United States who offer fiction as pleasurable and thoughtful as Ursula Le Guin's. It is time for her to be recognized beyond the special provinces of fantasy and science fiction or

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feminism as simply one of our best writers.

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Science Fiction as Science

Why Sci-Fi Zaps

Good sci-fi is highly addictive and very zapping. It makes the creative juices flow in strange ways, and half my class of Yale undergraduates seem to have cut their reading teeth on it. As a historian of science I cannot help wondering why, and suggest it is something deeper than a fascination with bug-eyed monsters and moon maidens. It can hardly be due to just good writing for although some of the New Wave is very stylish literature, the old pulp magazine stuff is not. And it was exactly in those lurid and crude pulps of the Hugo Gernsback era, now brittle yellow in our libraries, that the fine art of zapping the mind and addicting the young (and old) was developed.

The substance of science fiction has a long prehistory that goes back to men-in-the-moon and fabulous utopias long before Jules Verne and H. G. Wells crystallized the excitement of high scientific technology in the late 19th century closing years of the industrial revolution. Verne's extraordinary voyage tales of an age of exploration and Wells' novels of what he (a scientist *manqué*) and his society (heading for war) might have been, contrive to make many writers of the next generation merely "Sons of Verne and Wells." Gernsback published them all, reprinting the masters first and then adding his own and other fillers in his new captive magazines that went with this young Luxemburger immigrant's entrepreneurial empire of radio parts and popular photography, sexology, etc.

By accident, I think, Gernsback gave the substance a new format; the medium of the pulp became a new message. It rehearses one of the most crucial developments in history, the Scientific Revolution of the mid-17th century. In that period what happened, again almost by accident, was not just a set of particularly important scientific discoveries, nor some new philosophical approach or experimental methodology. What was invented was the device of the scientific paper and the journals in which it was published. It is this that made scientific knowledge grow in a sure-footed and cumulative fashion. By chopping knowledge into atomic pieces

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that could be made to hang together and get things out cooperatively bit by bit, the invention of the paper let science grow as a community, rather than as individuals each producing a book "for finish" in its area. The scientific paper became the life's blood of science; it invented a new art of discovery; it made science run faster than people could.

The genre of scientific literature is that each atomic unit of a paper takes its meaning from the context of surrounding papers. It cumulates in a structured way and thereby produces an effect we have otherwise in literature only in such special cases as family novels like the *Forsyte Saga* and character series like the exploits of Sherlock Holmes and other addictive detectives. Like one and you are hooked on the whole series of a literary soap opera. Magazines had been this route before with serial publications of Dickens and Mark Twain and the like, but with the Gernsback pulps there was all the added force of a resonance through the science itself with the literary form of science which became manifested as short stories with recognizable and addicting set themes. A robot story was immersed in the context of more robot stories, just as a paper on thermodynamics made sense and zapped you only if you were on the bandwagon of other papers on thermodynamics.

Science fiction stories of the 1930s began, then, as a literary mimic, albeit unconscious of the scientific paper, and in some way it became an experience of science for those who had the right spirit, caught all the nuances of the scientific genre, but who might not have the actual scientific experience nor even the education and abilities. This is where the zap comes in. A good scientific paper makes a contribution to knowledge by hitting you with a reflection of its author's creative experience at the research front. The zap is the flash of scientific discovery, the *Geistesblitz*. The early science fiction stories, and not only those of the nuts-and-bolts variety, contain some plausible and provocative postulate which is more the hero than the plot. A good one will send the reader into a daydream of exploration and provoke a sense of discovery that reproduces rather faithfully the jolt of scientific discovery. In fact the analogy is remarkably good, the simulation excellent, for it happens in science that most discoveries turn out to be invalid or non-useful, but they give help and excitement and stimulus along the way even if they don't reveal any ultimate secret of the universe.

So sci-fi not only addicts like a soap opera but it zaps like a wave equation. It became an experience of science for those who had science in their bones but not always inside their heads. The maturation of the genre left this quality almost unchanged if admired with neighboring genres of fantasy and other literary procedures. One big change was the new technology of the paperback book which created a revolution in the public attitude to reading material and this led science fiction from the scientific paper analog to the mock-monograph of the novella.

Historically the force of destiny has lain in the form of science fiction rather than its content. What, though, has this content been doing? My own answer, for what it is worth, is that the content has never been that of scientific theory, nor swashbuckling in space, nor even the second guessing of the future and its hardware. It has been the preoccupation of very bright and imaginative minds with all the things that bright citizens and scientists should have been concerned about all these years in the social and the intellectual repercussions of our new scientific and industrial revolution. Science fiction authors willy-nilly allegorize all the public and private concerns about what is happening right now, not in the future. Just as Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* was a deep reflection on that stage of imponderable fluid theory when we thought we could see in principle how electricity might be the very stuff of life, so *Star Trek* is the most popular public concern with the embryonic post-Sputnik era of space, and *2001* is the most literate statement of concern of our motivation for scientific and technological research policy. Modern sci-fi, good and bad, literary quality notwithstanding, blows and inspires the scientific mind and makes us all, if we choose to be addicted to it, off-duty speculators in the sort of way that generates Nobel Prize visions and technologically literate citizens.

Derek de Solla Price

Derek de Solla Price is professor of the history of science at Yale.

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Reconsideration

Life in a Technocracy: What it Might be Like by Harold Loeb

(Viking; 1933; Out of Print)

Of the countless panaceas for America's Great Depression, few enjoyed so spectacular, if so spectacularly brief, a reign as Technocracy. Although the movement persists even today, Technocracy's heyday lasted only from June 16, 1932, when *The New York Times* became the first influential press organ to report its activities, until January 13, 1933, when its leader, Howard Scott, attempting to silence critics, delivered a rambling, confusing and most uninspiring address on a well-publicized nationwide radio hookup. Before, during, and after those seven crucial months Scott and other Technocrats preached ceaselessly about their "scientific" and so "foolproof" scheme for not merely ending the Depression but also effecting unprecedented and permanent abundance for all Americans. The technical jargon and complex charts they employed invariably impressed if simultaneously perplexed their audiences. The great expectations thus raised were never met, and the contemporary equation of a "technocracy" with a distinctly unutopian society reflects the movement's dismal legacy.

Because Henry Elsner, Jr. (*The Technocrats: Prophets of Automation*, Syracuse University Press, 1967) has ably chronicled Technocracy's fate, its history need merely be summarized here. Most of its future leaders were inspired by their association between 1919 and 1921 with Thorstein Veblen, then teaching at the New School. Veblen offered them a strategy, spelled out in *The Engineers and the Price System* (1921), for ridding American society of the waste and extravagance he had long condemned: 1) the voluntary abdication of all absentee owners of big business; 2) their replacement by reform-minded technicians and workers; 3) the creation of a national directorate to supervise the reallocation of all goods and services; and 4) the elimination of the artificial price system based upon the equally artificial monetary system. Veblen insisted that were they so inclined—or the owners not so inclined—these technicians and workers could, by withholding their indispensable knowledge and skills, soon paralyze the whole of American government and industry and establish a "Soviet of Technicians." But they admittedly were not so inclined.

Veblen's analysis nevertheless stirred the organization of the Technical Alliance in 1920. Although it lasted but a year, the Alliance, led by Scott, laid the structural and ideological foundation for the Technocracy movement, which was established in 1932—at the height of the Depression several interim Scott-directed studies had allegedly predicted.

Technocracy's premise was that the ability to produce and utilize energy was the true measure of human progress. For energy was necessary to run the machines which produced the goods which improved life. In analyzing human progress the Technocrats consequently used physical categories like "man-hours" rather than the conventional monetary ones Veblen had scorned. They argued that until about 1700 progress had been stymied by man's almost total dependency upon his body for energy production. Only with the Industrial Revolution did man become capable of increasing significantly energy production. Yet just when especially the United States was at last capable of producing enough energy to satisfy the basic needs of all its citizens, the efficient production of goods was being undermined by the same greed and waste Veblen had exposed.

Oddly, Technocracy proposed no solution to this dilemma. As its official introductory pamphlet frankly declared, "Technocracy proposes no solution, it merely poses the problem raised by the technological introduction of energy factors in a modern industrial social mechanism." Although much of Veblen's scheme was implicity adopted, his strategies for changing the ownership of American industry by persuasion or by force were not. Technocracy's consequently vague tactics, coupled with its vague analysis, created widespread skepticism among numerous other "experts." Scott's ill-fated nationwide address hardly helped the cause, and shortly afterward the Continental Committee on Technocracy (CCT), a subordinate body within the movement, bolted and became a rival movement, one headed by Harold Loeb (1891-1974). In response, the majority of Technocrats formed Technocracy Inc., which Scott headed. Initially outmaneuvered by the CCT, Technocracy Inc. persevered and eventually gained far more members, if no more influence, than the united movement had had originally. The faction-ridden CCT, however, collapsed in October 1936.

Life in a Technocracy appeared in January 1933 but had been written three years earlier, when no one would publish it, and so reflected no dissension from Scott's leadership. Indeed, Loeb's Foreword thanks Scott, and Scott alone, for inspiration through discussions held in 1919 and 1930 and for assistance on the technical parts of the argument, which largely elaborate the basic ideas already set forth. Where, according to Loeb, "most reformers are concerned in the first place with human and humanitarian values and thereby confuse their practical measures with

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emotional considerations," Technocracy shrewdly treats "the production and distribution of wealth as an engineering problem."

Loeb's own technical argument is straightforward: "Men live by the production, distribution, and consumption of goods. Goods are produced and distributed by effort. The incentive of effort is profit. Profit depends on price. Price depends on scarcity. Therefore, the life of man, under the capitalistic system, depends on the scarcity of goods." Yet technology, which Loeb defines as applied science, undermines progressively more of that arrangement by producing progressively more goods. A "properly" organized economy—one in which technicians and skilled workers, not absentee owners, controlled the production and distribution of goods, and one in which the energy needed to produce goods, not money, constituted the fundamental yardstick of value—could readily provide so many goods (and services) that adult citizens would be required to work only sixteen hours weekly.

For this to occur, the federal government, Loeb contends, would have to repeal the Sherman Anti-Trust Act and actually encourage complete monopolies in each industry yet limit their profits and eventually take them over. The government itself would at all levels then be charged primarily with the production and distribution of goods and services—an "engineering problem," not a political one—and would be headed by the technicians chiefly responsible for solving that problem. "Popular voting" and, for that matter, politics in general, would be "largely dispensed with," for government would be reduced to the "administration" of issues "subject to measurement" and the political state renamed "the industrial system." The sole function of conventional politics would be "showmanship," this to keep the public amused: "receiving distinguished guests, laying corner stones, making speeches . . ." Yet politicians would not escape genuinely productive duties: "How much more dignified would our chief executive [*i.e.*, any recent President] have been if he had spent four hours a day steering the scoop of a steam shovel! And how much more useful!"

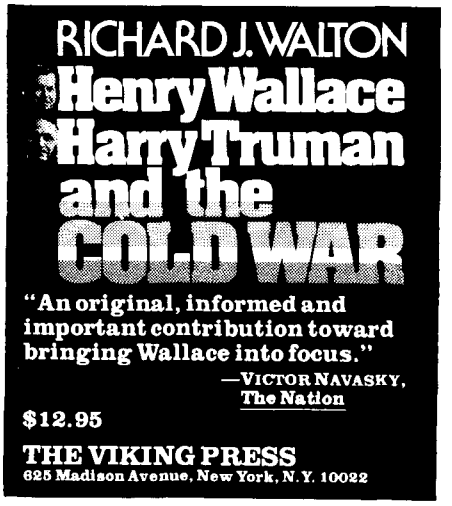
Each citizen would then be issued a certificate, or form of credit card, nontransferable and renewable annually, for a "proportionate share" of the nation's energy production. As goods and services were purchased, deductions—the only taxes envisioned—would be made from that share and recorded both on the certificate and in a central office. The cost of all goods and services would represent exactly the amount of human and natural energy, or number of "ergs," required to produce them. Unless further technological advances lowered that amount, their cost would remain constant. The generosity of each certificate would likely preclude the exhaustion of anyone's annual allotment, while the permanent abundance of goods and services would likely preclude hoarding.

Freed from "that preoccupation with economic security which has always weighted the soul of man except on a few tropical islands", Americans would finally be able to devote their principal energies to other, higher pursuits: in Loeb's listing, recreation, religion, education, and above all art. Those who wished to work for the sake of work could nevertheless still do so, and Loeb would expect most citizens to spend at least their required working hours either operating, supervising, or conducting research on machinery and far fewer citizens, mostly artists, to spend that time on non-mechanistic pursuits. For most citizens, then, their longer *leisure* hours would be their most creative ones, and it is to the encouragement of creative leisure pursuits that Loeb devotes nearly half of his book.

Neither crime nor disease would, for Loeb, pose serious obstacles to such pursuits, for nearly all crime and disease, and so supposedly nearly all legal disputes, would disappear amid Technocracy's general affluence, poverty allegedly being the primary cause of both. Nor would war with other nations pose a threat, for Technocracy's superb technological capability in weaponry as in other areas would likely deter all potential opponents and easily repel any foolish enough to fight.

Recreation, religion, education and art could therefore flourish under a Technocratic order which liberated them all from capitalist exploitation. Yet no citizen would be compelled to participate in any, or in any particular variety, of these activities. An elementary education for all citizens, solely for the purpose of elementary socialization, would alone be required. Just because Technocracy "is not concerned with moral and other values not material" it would allow all but "definitely antisocial" religious beliefs and practices. And just because "cultural schools" are "of no concern to this purely productive state" it would directly sponsor only "industrial schools" for the presumed majority of youth seeking technical training for eventual entry into one of the nation's 92 industrial departments; yet citizens seeking to establish cultural schools would receive ample indirect government assistance. Similarly, just because "the control of anything the appeal of which is subjective, such as the theater, or painting, should not be entrusted to the state," all artistic activities save the actual maintenance of museums, theaters and movie houses, would also be entrusted to the citizens, who would nevertheless again receive ample indirect assistance—including, when warranted, the production and distribution of their artistic and literary works. Only because organized sports supposedly require impartial arbitration would the government supervise them; other forms of recreation would likewise be left to the citizens themselves.

Loeb expects that art, conceived broadly as music, literature, theater, architecture and handicrafts as well as painting, "will probably become in a technocracy the most important field of human activity." For art, once cleansed of capitalist corruption, could, ideally, "improve the lot of man on earth as emphatically in the inner psychic sphere as man's genius, directed toward conquering the outer material world, has ameliorated the conditions of his physical existence." It could do so by restoring to artists and perhaps they in turn to other citizens "that sense of imminent wonder . . . which all live things are heir to" but which has, paradoxically—and in the process of what Weber termed the "rationalization" of the modern world—been lost as a result of the conquest of nature and



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the "domestication" of man. That special sense, which Loeb admits is also evident in the magic, voodooism and ecstasies of other cultures, could be coupled with genetic engineering to produce over time "a race of man superior in quality to any now known on earth, a society more exciting, interesting and variegated than has ever been possible, and a nation in which no individual should be unhappy or discontented for remediable causes."

As Loeb's Foreword forewarns, much of his "interpetation" of Technocracy's platform would "probably not meet with Scott's approval. He believes in sticking closely to the engineering aspects." The acknowledgment is revealing—and not simply as an almost certain reflection, as are the pages which follow, of Loeb's own quite cosmopolitan background as a wealthy Princeton graduate, 1920s expatriate in Europe, literary editor and novelist. For what makes *Life in a Technocracy* more than just an intellectual relic, and what in fact prompts its reconsideration here, is precisely Loeb's attempt to design a veritable utopia, to be brought about through technological advance, which, once established, would make further technological advance not an end in itself but a means to other, theoretically nobler ends, in this case artistic expression above all. In a manner strikingly akin in general objective if hardly in specific detail or sophistication of analysis to the earlier utopias of Robert Owen, Charles Fourier and Henri de Saint-Simon, Loeb's would, in effect, provide a plateau of technological advance which, once achieved, would permit equivalent individual and social advance in non-technological realms. Implicitly casting aside, as had those European utopians, the already stale issue of being either "for" or "against" technology *per se*, Loeb accepts the inevitability of technological progress and, with that, seeks an equal measure of social progress. Hence the deeper meaning of his reliance upon both art and genetics to attain human perfection.

Life in a Technocracy is nevertheless only one version of utopia, and like every other version, as Marx and Engels well understood but as many avowed utopians do not, functions properly not as a literal blueprint for the future but as a take-off point for reconsidering and possibly altering the existing society. If, therefore, particular features of this technocracy—its chilling genetic (and social) engineering, for example, or its neglect of economic activities not readily measurable in terms of energy, or its blindness toward the politicalness of all anti-political regimes—may be unappealing, the overall argument is not necessarily shattered. As Loeb himself puts it, his work "does not pretend to depict what will be; it merely attempts to suggest what might be." Yet insofar as the future of our so-called "technological society" or even "post-industrial society" remains within our hands, *Life in a Technocracy* might conceivably still provide modest illumination of the possible choices ahead.

Howard P. Segal

Howard P. Segal is a postdoctoral fellow in history at the University of Cincinnati.

Correspondence

McCarthy is McCarthy

To the editors:

Jimmy Carter's campaign continues to give voters reasons to vote for Eugene McCarthy.

The Carter ad in the current *New Republic*, first described last week in the press, is demagoguery typical of both parties and their candidates. For two years Eugene McCarthy has been doing what a serious presidential candidate has the responsibility to do: identify the problems facing the country and offer a program of action to solve these problems. In so doing, McCarthy has been campaigning against the record of Gerald Ford as well as against that of the Democrats. The signers of the ad know these things, but like the Johnson Democrats of 1967 and '68, they will not face up to the failure of the Democratic party and its candidates to deal with the issues before the country.

Never mind the evidence of the debates. Never mind that candidate Carter is calling for a foreign policy more belligerent than Ford's. Never mind that Carter ignores the reality of institutionalized poverty in this country. Never mind that Carter advocates the kind of over-personalized presidency we suffered under Johnson and Nixon. Never mind that Carter owes his nomination partly to the synchronized endorsements of Daley and Wallace.

On November 2, I, along with millions of others of all parties and persuasions will vote for Gene McCarthy because a vote for McCarthy is a vote for McCarthy and what he and we stand for.

John Callahan
Chicago, Illinois

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Kauffmann, *from page 30*

doubted, at the most unlikely moments, that this was Freud himself. The one disappointment is Robert Duvall as Watson. The role needs quiet John Bull charm. Duvall is, as always, a competent mimic; as always, he lacks personality.

The script has some sly parodies, as when Holmes follows the abducted Redgrave from a hospital to a brothel via a trail of flowers she dropped in the Vienna streets. Both this dry wit and the adventurous sweep are well handled by the director, Herbert Ross. A former choreographer, Ross was assisted here by his wife Nora Kaye, a former ballerina, and he has made his best film so far—rocket-flights above such stuff as *The Owl and the Pussycat* and *The Last of Sheila*. It's a speedy, sparkling spoof.

Marathon Man (Paramount). Laurence Olivier is also in this non-thrilling thriller, with a performance as trite as the script by William Goldman from the William Goldman novel.

Apparently there is a Platonic Idea of the modern political thriller, into which one merely slips the nouns and places of the particular instance. How ruggedly each author tries to zing us even harder than the last one did, how predictably formulaic almost all of them are. Usually they at least have novel settings, but the only real novelty of place here is the predominantly Jewish diamond district on West 47th Street in Manhattan, through which a former Nazi death-camp commander (Olivier) has to walk. And the only plot novelty is a twist on double-agenting: but it's too small a twist to make up for a couple of hours of mechanical grind.

Like a lot of thrillers these days, this one takes a long time just to unite the principal characters who begin without clear interconnection. The three chief characters are: a Columbia graduate student, Dustin Hoffman; his older brother, Roy Scheider, some sort of US secret agent (and supposedly a wine connoisseur though he doesn't know how to pronounce *grand cru*); and Olivier. Even before their three stories interweave, the false energy of the piece has sunk into routine, like a weary stripteaser going through her act at noon in a suburban topless bar.

John Schlesinger, who directed Hoffman well in *Midnight Cowboy* and who recently did *The Day of the Locust*, seems to have surrendered his previous interest in style, even in freshness. When a Paris fence makes a date to pay Scheider for some diamonds that night at the Opera—the Opera being the sort of dressy locale that this kind of film needs—Schlesinger's camerawork and editing tip us off about what Scheider is going to find there. When a bomb is planted in a baby carriage, it's a complete non-surprise because, before the explosion, we see baleful eyes staring through a window. When an old woman in the diamond district recognizes Olivier on the other side of the street and rushes across to stop him, we know—from movie experience—that she's going to be hit by a car and we can even foresee the overhead shot that's going to show it. When Hoffman and Olivier face each other at the end in a room with a spiral iron staircase, we just twiddle our thumbs waiting for the finish on the staircase. Or else why would the scene take place there?

Hoffman, generally a good actor, does absolutely nothing wrong. Olivier, sometimes a great actor, does absolutely nothing notable. Not one intonation or gesture, not one tic, escapes the banal.

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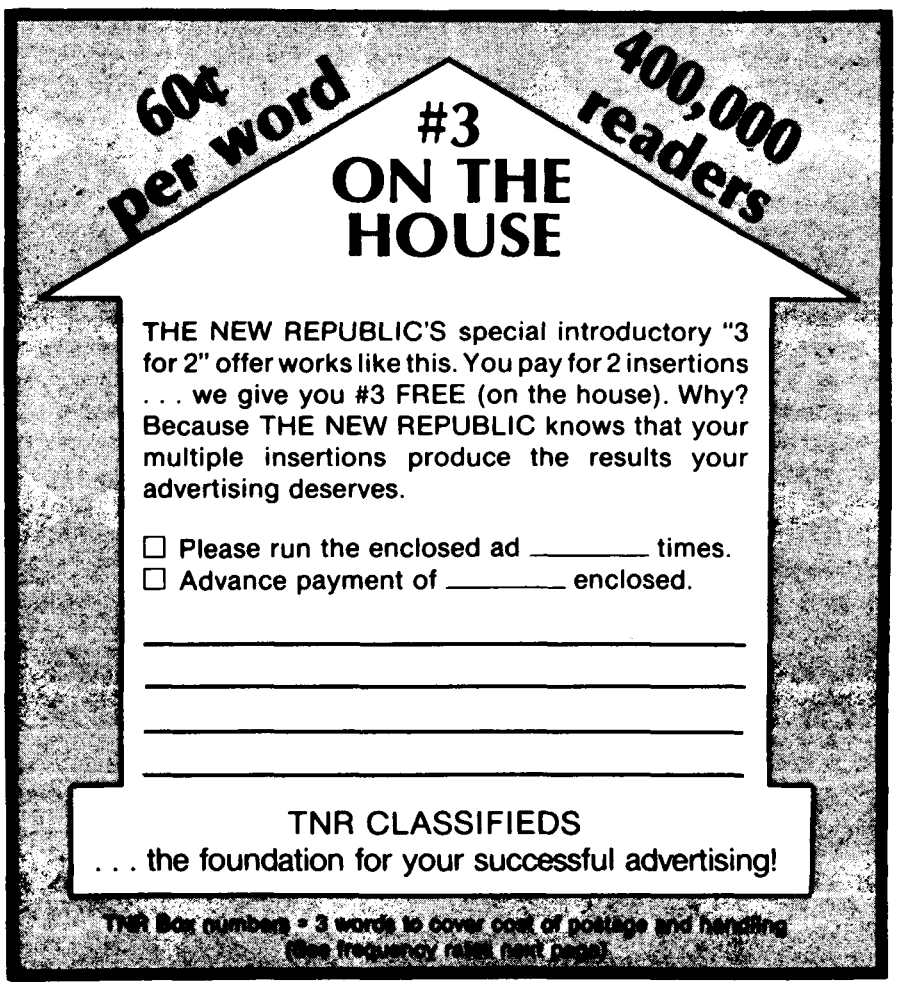
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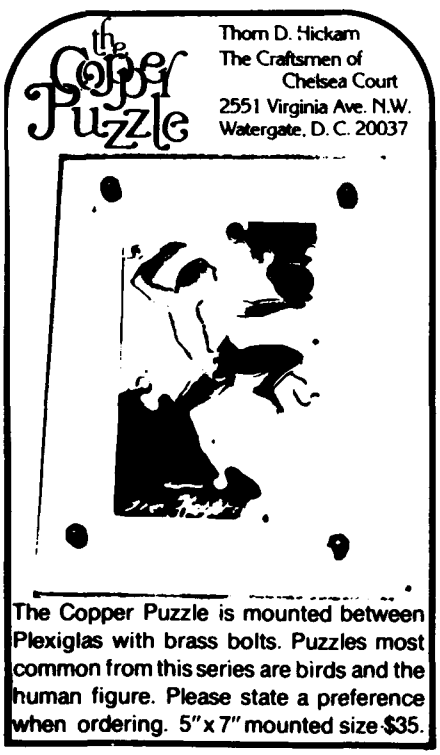

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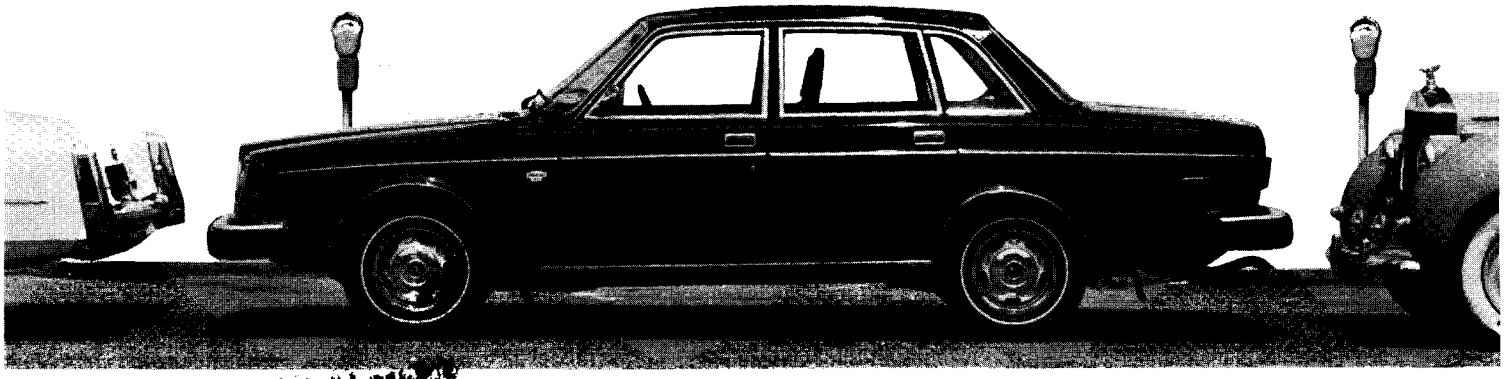

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